

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

APRIL 9, 1938

WHO'S WHO

PAUL McGUIRE went to Spain as a member of the Duke of Wellington's Committee for the Repatriation of Spanish Children. His commission was to make a candid survey of conditions in Spain. The full report will eventually be issued. If the whole truth is ever known, the rape of the Basque and Spanish children will be recognized as one of the great crimes of modern history. Mr. McGuire is an Australian, graduate of the University of Adelaide, and an authority on Catholic Action in Australia, England, France, Belgium and Holland. "I have written," he states, "I am sorry to say, sixteen books, mostly deplorable." They are mostly poems and detective stories with a rating higher than that given by the author. . . . JOSEPH J. AYD, S.J., is professor of Sociology and Political Economy at Loyola College, Baltimore. For many years he has been a prison chaplain and a lucid writer on penology and cognate topics. . . . TAD ECKAM is a gentleman on the scene in the Saint Louis proceedings. He is a close student of labor problems, and a splendid pamphleteer. . . . ARNOLD LUNN was synopsisized in this column last February 26, and January 9, 1937. We ask all our readers, for the honor of our country, to seek out the champion Communist hecklers and bring them to Lunn. . . . PAULA KURTH is a poet of Detroit, a literary critic and book reviewer, and editor of the *Journal*, Associated Alumnae of the Sacred Heart. . . . CLIFFORD V. LAUBE is of the staff of the *New York Times*; JESSICA POWERS is a Milwaukee poet of New York; PATRICIA O'NEIL is a columnist to the Providence (R. I.) *Visitor*, and SISTER BETSY is an unknown nun.

THIS WEEK

COMMENT	2
GENERAL ARTICLES	
Basque Children Exiled While Basque Mothers Weep	Paul McGuire 4
Labor Board Belabors Ford in St. Louis	Tad Eckam 6
Sterilization Fetish	Joseph J. Ayd 8
Red Hecklers Wanted: Challenge from a Champion	Arnold Lunn 9
WITH SCRIP AND STAFF	John LaFarge 11
EDITORIALS	12
Labor-Union Reform . . . Hush! . . . Griffin Mayors . . . The March to Dictatorship . . . Subsidizing Mexico . . . Penniless Railroads . . . Holy Week.	
CHRONICLE	15
CORRESPONDENCE	17
LITERATURE AND ARTS	
At Home with William Cowper	Paula Kurth 18
POETRY	20
Dreams of the Rood	Sister M. Madeleva
The Snatch of St. Stephen	Clifford J. Laube
Besieger at the Gates	Jessica Powers
Suggestion	Sister Betsy
Warning to Contemplatives	Leonard Feeney
Lovesong for the Trinity	Patricia O'Neil
BOOKS	REVIEWED BY 21
Three Rousing Cheers	Robert A. Hewitt
The Reciprocal Trade Policy of the United States	George T. Eberle
Bow Down to Wood and Stone	F. E. Low
The House that Hitler Built	Laurence Kent Patterson
ART	Harry Lorin Binsse 23
THEATRE	Elizabeth Jordan 23
FILMS	Thomas J. Fitzmorris 24
EVENTS	The Parader 24

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COMMENT

IT is unpleasant to conceive a speedy end to the work done by Herbert L. Matthews, the ace war-correspondent of the *New York Times* on the Loyalist front in Spain. He glorified Mussolini in Ethiopia and strafed Franco in Spain. Will some saberrattler in Europe oblige Mr. Matthews and give him another field for his splendid abilities in the interests of factual truth and moral right? Granting the qualities of mind, heart and hand that mark his work as a war reporter, we have to admit that we shall miss the hearty laughs he has given us most. Thus to pick one little example from a bagful, take Spanish news in the *Times* of March 26. The Loyalist account by Associated Press reported from Hendaye, France: "Generalissimo Francisco Franco's forces swept through the Government stronghold of Bujaraloz and pursued fleeing Government troops down the Saragossa-Barcelona highway." Turn now to page three and read Mr. Matthews' report of the same date line from Bujaraloz: "I came out here this morning expecting to find another retreat such as followed the first rebel thrust towards Caspe. Instead I have found the Loyalists strongly entrenched along positions well to the west of this town, with reinforcements already in line, heavier fortifications being dug and the morale as high as it has ever been." Will someone move over and make room for correspondent Matthews? Will someone start a new war as a new field for his undoubted gifts? But the *Times* editors? Either they seriously lack any sense of humor or they undervalue their public even more than we suspected.

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YEARS hence, a Spanish correspondent to the United States may review the current advance of our country toward Communism. He will find that the same strategy was followed by the Moscow agents in the United States that proved successful in his Spain before the Franco armed protest. He will marvel that Americans failed to learn the Spanish lesson. For his help we record a few small instances of Communist aggression. *Catholic*: in Brooklyn, a W. P. A. union of workers distributed its monthly sheet with an article seeking to prove that Christ, if He lived today, would be a Communist; in Pittsburgh, a manifesto was distributed to the people leaving Sunday Mass: "Brethren," it begins, "you have just attended services. You know how dear to you is religious liberty." It ends: "Catholic Brothers, let us join to preserve religious liberty. . . . The Communist party appeals to all Catholics for joint action with all peace-loving people for a united rally for peace against the persecution of Catholics and Jews in Austria." Thus is the Catholic being drawn into Communism. *Protestant*: in Boston, at a Community Church service in Symphony Hall, Earl Browder was the

preacher and exhorted all good Protestants to join with Communism to save the world for God and democracy; in Peoria, and elsewhere, the Y.W.C.A., and Y.M.C.A. sang Communist hymns, listened to Communist sermons and distributed Communist literature. Nationally, there is progressing a split in almost every denomination between traditional Protestantism and Communistic Protestantism. *Students*: in conjunction with the American Student Union and the Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, the League of American Writers offers \$1,000 in prizes to students for the best essays on the anti-Fascist struggle in Spain today; Joseph D. McGoldrick, the Catholic Comptroller of New York City, helps to solicit funds for and membership in the American Student Union, Red as Moscow. Thus, the American college student is being skilfully inducted into the Communist army. While the American ostrich digs his head into the sand, the Communist digs his trenches for the day of revolution.

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TWO of the most menacing tendencies of the times were linked together in the collective pastoral of the Bishops of Poland, which was read to the public on three successive Sundays in Lent of this year. After urging the priests to continue their intensified social work, the Bishops warn against the anonymous activities of Freemasonry, propagandizing for the "banishment of the Church from public life" and limiting her activities to "the field of asceticism." They then warn against the totalitarian tendencies that threaten to sweep Eastern Europe. "Social life," say the Bishops, "has been severed from eternal moral laws. The name of God is deleted from social life and men have ceased to take religion as one of the constituent values in a state. Great disturbances must follow from such political systems which demand from man his body and soul without reservation, and that he shall give them blindly his thoughts and beliefs, his convictions, ethical principles and his conscience, resigning his human laws and even his earthly and eternal personal destiny. . . ." The Bishops call for a social constitution based upon the principles of social justice and Christian charity and for the renewal of Catholicism in Poland "safe from the alluring promises of paganism." Evidently there is serious concern across the border as to the true character of the Nazi regime.

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PREPARING the public by a radio broadcast for the Conference on World Economic Cooperation to be held in Washington, it was announced that the report to the Conference prepared by experts would recommend the whole-hearted support of

Secretary Hull's program for reciprocal trade agreements. The economic conferences have been singularly unfortunate in their timing and settings. The political uprisings in Europe and the Far East, affecting the rest of Europe and ourselves, turn people's minds from plans of economic cooperation and planning. This is one of the two obstacles affirmed by the radio speakers. "The existing state of political insecurity results in constant fears of war, jittery nerves, frantic arming and pressure for national economic preparedness, which in turn prevents economic cooperation and heightens the fear of war." The ill-advised parcelers of mid-Europe cut into the existent economic structure through its nationalistic policies, and it looks as if the machine will have to unwind itself painfully and destructively before there is effected any solid, substantial amelioration. The second obstacle noted is just as real. "The economic system is working badly, resulting in depression, unemployment and economic injustice, and this leads to pressure for national means of control that often block international trade and further intensify economic troubles." The action and reaction of politics and economics provide a dark picture for international cooperation. More than knowledge is here needed. It is doubtful whether the limitation of the trade treaties with democracies will clear the air.

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NEVER, perhaps, in the history of this country was the spiritual message of the Church to the Negro more fervently and movingly proclaimed than was done on March 27 by the Most Rev. Martin S. Gillet, O.P., S.T.M., Master General of the Order of Preachers, in his address at Saint Mark's Auditorium in Harlem. To a record audience of both races, Father Gillet brought the message of Christ's solicitude for the souls of all men without distinction of race, color or nationality, and illustrated his eloquent remarks with the example of the Negro Martyrs of Uganda and his own Dominican confrere, the Blessed Martin de Porres, whose canonization is now being zealously promoted. The Master General's address was all the more appropriate coming but a week after another epoch-making meeting held under Dominican auspices at Providence College, in Providence, R. I., where the Catholic program of interracial justice was dramatically expounded by competent witnesses in the light of the Encyclical, *Quadragesimo Anno*, of Pope Pius XI. Delegates from nearly all the Catholic colleges of New England took part in the meeting, and passed a resolution, moved by the Rev. Edward L. Hughes, O.P., promoter of the cause of Blessed Martin de Porres, expressing the conviction that the Encyclical contains the solution for the problems of the Negro in the United States, and urging that the matter of interracial justice be incorporated into all manifestations of student Catholic Action which deal with the matter covered by the Encyclical. That the college movement for interracial justice makes such rapid progress must be due in no small measure to the intercession of its great patron, Blessed Martin himself.

MOVIE Tsar Will H. Hays has reason, doubtless, to pride himself on the beneficial achievements of his organization. His annual report as head of the Association of Motion Picture Producers calls particular attention to the accomplished objective that the Association is producing entertainment for the public morally clean, wholesome and free from propaganda. The industry can thank its stars—not the Hollywood variety—that the very virile Legion of Decency forced producers to set up a decency code, kept them to it, and made them like it. But granted that producers have kept their pictures free of propaganda, as Mr. Hays asserts, serious objection is in order with regard to the historical films that are the current vogue. The facts of history are so garbled with fiction that one leaves the show completely confused, and more often with quite wrong impressions. Of course, the producer invariably saves his hide by running a caption at the outset to the effect that the real facts have not been scrupulously followed. But the audience, more often than not, is incapable of discerning fact from fiction and our young people today seem to acquire a major part of their education in the motion-picture theatre. The result is wrong impressions that are almost ineradicable. There is plenty of spell-binding drama in history without recourse to a director's dizzy flight of imagination. To give but one example, the recent, ill-fated *Parnell* would not have been such a complete flop, artistically as well as financially, if the director had stuck to history.

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BIBLICAL science and scholarship lost an eminent leader in the passing of Father Lagrange, O.P., founder of the Biblical School of Jerusalem. Ordained in 1884, eight years later, he organized the Biblical Studies at the convent of St. Stephen, Jerusalem, of which he became Prior. From that time, for the remaining forty-six years of his active life, he remained, by his work at Jerusalem and his exegetical studies on the Old and New Testament, in the very forefront of Catholic Biblical scholarship, which he enriched alike by his scholarly attainments and his edifying life, as a true son of the Church, worthy disciple of Saint Dominic. Any hopes of the Modernists for aid from his quarter, when his scholarship seemed to veer beyond conservative orthodoxy was always crashed by his own explicit professions of allegiance. Dying in one of the large houses of his Order, Saint-Maximin, France, he received the last rites of the Church for which he labored so strenuously in the presence of eighty of his religious brethren. After Extreme Unction he blessed himself with the very appropriate words: "*Je m'abandonne à Dieu.*" His will, redolent of the faithful worker of the Master, contained these among many other exemplary sentiments: "I also expressly declare that I submit to the judgment of the Apostolic See whatever I have written. I think I may add that it was always my intention to contribute, in all my studies, to the reign of Jesus Christ, the honor of the Church and the salvation of souls. . . . I repeat again: I am the son of Mary: *Tuus sum ego, salvum me fac.*"

BASQUE CHILDREN EXILED WHILE BASQUE MOTHERS WEEP

Saddest tragedy and greatest crime of Spain

PAUL McGUIRE

THE Spanish War draws to its end. Peace and order will soon be restored in the whole peninsula. People will mourn their dead, but in Spain they believe in a Christian death, believe that there are things for which a man may well die. Grief is comforted. Yet in thousands of Spanish homes there is a grief that is not comforted. Spain is not sad for her dead as she is sad for her lost children. Thousands of Spanish children are missing. It is doubtful, to say the least, whether they will ever see their mothers, their homes, their native country again.

When the Nationalists were making their drive on the northern front last year, a huge number of children (which even now we cannot estimate accurately) was gathered up in Bilbao and some of the other districts of the north and sent abroad. Probably about 14,000 were sent to France, about 4,000 to England, about 2,000 to Belgium, a few to Denmark, at least 500 to Mexico, and an incalculable number to Russia.

The chief agent of their exile was, of course, the Government functioning in Bilbao. This Government, known to the world as a Separatist-Liberal Government, was actually under strong Red influence: and I believe that in this matter of the children, it was prompted by the Reds. The purpose, I also believe, was primarily to make propaganda against the Nationalists in the outside world.

The excuse was that the children were in danger from shells and bullets and bombs, and from malnutrition. The horrific pictures which the newspapers falsely presented to us at the time will be remembered. Bilbao, apparently, was being bombed and shelled almost daily, and the children were pictured to us as miserable little brands snatched from an abominable burning.

When I went to Bilbao, I had every belief that I should find it largely in ruins. Actually, I had the greatest difficulty in discovering any mark of war at all in the city, except for the bridges which the Reds had dynamited in their flight. An officer of the Carlists pointed out to me two places where Nationalist bombs had fallen in the town. Neither, apparently, had scathed a dwelling-place.

I was not in Bilbao during the siege and I am not a witness of what then occurred; but the thousands of parents who refused to let their children be

taken from them *were* in Bilbao then, and they believed that their children were much safer at home than in the hands of dubious foreigners abroad. They were right. They still have their children. Of the children who were sent abroad, it is probable that more than half are in Russia. It is difficult to believe that Stalin will give them up to their parents again.

As far as I could discover, no child was killed in Bilbao by Franco's fire. The battles were all fought in the difficult mountains and valleys behind the city, with the last desperate struggle about a high conical peak, crowned by a Casino and entrenched with extraordinary skill under the direction of Russian engineers. It is probable that a few stray bullets, almost spent, came into one quarter of the city, far below. I know of a girl and her grandmother, living high on the hill, who were shot by panicky Red patrols as they were making their way down to the town. But my inquiries did not reveal that a single child was hit in the city itself.

There was unquestionably a serious food shortage, as there always is, it seems, under the Red regime. No one likes to see a child go hungry, least of all its mother. But those mothers who thought it better that their children should go hungry at home than be lost abroad, now have their children.

No child died of starvation in Bilbao, as far as I was able to discover. The food shortage was not acute, but it was threatening to become acute. People who remember "Potato" Jones may recall how much was made of it at the time. But I am convinced, as the mothers who refused to surrender their children were convinced, that too much was being made of it. The reason why the children were dispatched was, in this connection, a military reason. If thousands of children could be sent abroad, there would be less mouths to feed, more food for the soldiery, and so the possibility of a lengthened defense. The philanthropists who cooperated in the rape of the children were actually aiding the military purposes of the Red Generals (has it been noticed here, by the way, that our newspapers talked innocently for a long time of a General Rojo, as if *Rojo* were a surname?).

Neither from the viewpoint, then, of danger from bullets nor danger of starvation was the exile of

the children justified. I have spoken, in Bilbao, to mothers who sent their children away, mothers who retained their children; and I think now that I know why some children were sent, why some were kept. It depended on the mother's courage.

Bureaus were established in Bilbao and at other points where parents who wished their children sent away could apply to the Government and to the agents of the various foreign bodies interested. I do not believe that many parents went readily to those offices except parents who were themselves Red, and who themselves intended flight. For the rest, the great majority, there were other persuasions: parties of militiamen, for example, tramping into the house. One mother, as instance, told me that they came to her every day for eight or nine days, cajoling and threatening her to give up her children. "The Moors will cut all your throats as soon as they get here," they said. The effect of this sort of campaign on a nervous or uncertain mother can be imagined; and it must be remembered that Franco and the Moors and the Nationalists at large had already been made to appear, by savage propaganda, as monsters from a nether pit. It needed strength of will and more, it needed love and trust in God to withstand that sort of thing. I always regard it as an extraordinary testimony to the Christian mothers and fathers of Vizcaya that the majority resisted; they knew, as Christian parents should, that it is a great danger, indeed, which is greater than the danger of wrenching young children from their homes and their parents.

I have seen this tactic of the Reds. When we were going back to Bilbao, with the first party of children returned from England, a group of Red refugees from Spain gathered about the train at Bordeaux. (There are thousands of these Red refugees in southern France, and a pretty problem they are for the French authorities.) Father Gabana, who represented the Vatican Chargé d'Affaires in Spain, Monsignor Antoniutti, at the negotiations for the children in England, had gone off with me to breakfast in the station buffet. When we came back, we found that Spanish teachers traveling with the children and many of the children had been frightened by these men. "Wait till you cross the frontier," they had said, "Franco will have you all shot at once." The children and teachers who had not been in Catholic homes in England were naturally shaken.

When battle actually approached Bilbao, almost all the civil population moved across the river, to an area which Franco had promised not to bomb or shell. He kept his promise (as he kept it to Madrid, for months after its reserved area had been made the Government's munition dump). When their Navarrese neighbors came triumphantly into Bilbao, men and women and children poured out to meet them. If the mass of the Vizcayan Basques were ever anti-Franco, then he has won a more remarkable victory now than arms can win. He has conquered their loyalty. But I do not believe that the mass of the Basques ever were anti-Franco. A few thousands of determined men could have held the narrow defiles and high peaks of the Bilbao

approaches against a score of armies. The majority of the militia did not want to hold them. The real core of the Vizcayan movement was not the Basques, but the varied collection of proletarianized workers in the heavy industries of the Province, drawn from all over Spain and from the south of France. It was they who held the Casino for three wild days. One has the real sense of the Basques now when one can drive through a hundred kilometers of their countryside without seeing so much as a soldier or a Civil Guard.

There was one terrible danger which might have overtaken all the inhabitants of Bilbao. The Reds, with that wanton lust for destruction which seems characteristic, had wrecked the water-supply of the city long before the Nationalists closed in. For weeks, the people were dependent for water upon a foul, commercial river. Typhus was just beginning when the Nationalists entered. Their engineers and sanitation squads did magnificent work to check the disease and restore good water.

But that risk of typhus was one which the world did not hear of: Franco's bombs were one thing, but the animal destructiveness of the Red militiamen was not a tale for innocent American ears.

Rather less than half the children had been returned from England to Spain when I left England. The Belgian Catholics are sending home all in their care for whom the parents apply (the Belgian Socialists had not, last month, sent any). Many have gone home from France. It is now fairly certain that, bitter as the pill may be to many people, the children in these countries will ultimately be returned, even though it implies that Franco's Spain is a proper place for Spain's children. But what of the rest, of the thousands in Russia and Mexico? On one morning in Bilbao, hundreds of mothers came to Monsignor Antoniutti's Secretariat to ask for their children. More than half had not even heard of their children since they were sent away. They did not know who had taken them, where they had gone. I am afraid we must assume that they are in Russia or in Mexico, for the children in the other countries have been now listed.

At Gijon, when the Nationalists took the town, they found thousands of cards relating to the children sent from there. No effort had been made to complete the necessary details on the cards. Each had only a number and a child's Christian name; no surname, no name of parent, no address, no record of the ship on which it was sent, no record of the place to which it was sent. Nothing could better illustrate the callous cynicism of the affair. It is a fair assumption that there was complete indifference to the final fate of the children. All that was cared for was to use them as propaganda.

I have tried to write this with restraint, though it seems to me that nothing in the whole Spanish tragedy is as tragic and terrible as this. While I have been writing it, I have had before me the memory of a woman who came to Monsignor Antoniutti at Bilbao. All five of her children were gone, irrevocably.

Let the Catholic mothers, let all the mothers of America, remember her.

LABOR BOARD BELABORS FORD IN ST. LOUIS

Inquiry into the many-sided fight on labor conditions

TAD ECKAM

TEN years ago when I was laying bricks in Jersey City, I often wondered whether the automobile worker "on the belt" in a Ford plant had as dehumanizing a job as the bricklayer "on the line" of a growing apartment house. Evidently he had, and still has. Since December 16 the Ford workers in Saint Louis have been airing their grievances against the Company in the hearing of a Labor Board Examiner, and besides attending many of the court sessions, visiting the assembly plant, talking to the five lawyers working on the case, I have questioned the automobile workers themselves, and have come to the conclusion that going through the mechanical motions of placing one brick next to the other (in rapid succession) is no worse than that of bolting left front fenders on one after the other in increasing rapidity.

But the ten years that have passed have brought a new element into the labor picture and I wonder whether I was as wise as I thought in exchanging my trowel for a typewriter. In fact, there are several elements that tend to make the worker's prospects look brighter, and I have come into close contact with them since the Labor Board started to belabor Ford in Saint Louis. All of them put together give me the impression that working "on the line" and keeping up "with the belt" may yet become occupations fit for human beings.

In laying bricks it used to be that you had little chance to straighten up and rest your back once in a while; and in many places and jobs it is still done that way, because there are a dozen strong men waiting outside to take your place. The foreman simply bellows: "Shut your mouth and do what you're told. Maybe you'll want a rocking chair next!" But the automobile workers found a way of getting around the exhaustion of the speed-up. Louis Adamic tells how a superintendent stepped up the assembly line from 140 hoods an hour to 160; and when the men noticed the increased speed they simply skipped every seventh hood. The resulting confusion at the end of the belt was tremendous, and the belt was set back to its original 140 units per hour.

Of course, a bricklayer could hardly leave out every seventh brick in the wall—even for the sake of a quaint design in the side of a building. Any-

way, that is called the "slow-down," a variation of the "sit-down," and labor on the whole seems to have decided to abandon both practices.

But we are getting away from the Saint Louis scene. Here the most interesting man in the picture is Trial Examiner Tilford Dudley, Harvard '31, a tall, lean lawyer who has slept in "flop houses" and spent his summers in construction jobs and factories. When I start to make charges of unfair labor practices against the magazine editors of the country I want Dudley to hear my case. He is as amiable as Major Bowes—and more entertaining; he out-Solomons Solomon in his show of legal wisdom; and he is more kindly than a Franciscan father confessor.

The case in Saint Louis is dragging into its fourth weary month; the workers took about seven weeks to present their side of the question, and the Ford Company has since then been presenting its hundreds of "satisfied" employees' testimony. The problem is a messy one—charges and countercharges of acid-throwing, plant sabotage, discriminate hiring and firing, shooting and rock-hurling on both sides—and Dudley is trying his best to dry clean the whole affair. If you have never seen the N.L.R.B. in action you would hardly understand his part in the case. He told me that on every case he has examined so far he has tried to get the strike called off, and peaceful working conditions in the plant, so that the hearing could be conducted in a less stormy atmosphere. "And I've never succeeded in doing that," he added. Patiently he offered proposal after proposal. Some of them please the workers; few of them find an interested listener in Lawyer Muldoon of the Ford legal brigade.

Tom Muldoon, a product of Saint Louis University, is a sharp questioner, and by far the ablest lawyer on the case. But after several months of questioning he still seems a bit bewildered by the lack of strict court procedure, and by the attitude of the Trial Examiner. Says Dudley, "I am opposed to formality in the examination of these cases. In the conduct of a labor investigation of this kind strict legal rules are outmoded by a hundred years or more." Common sense rules here.

The witnesses among the workers are pretty much at their ease when they are being fed bits

of rehearsed catechism by attorneys Van Arkel and Perl of the Labor Board, Allen of the Liberty Legion, Sullivan of the C.I.O., but they become restive when Muldoon begins to bear down. All but one. He is Norman Smith, soft-voiced organizer for the C.I.O., who came here to conduct the Ford strike in November, and has since been the inspiration for the strikers on the picket line.

On the stand, under Muldoon's cross-examination, Smith gave a forthright account of his part in the complicated situation, explaining why the workers are making charges against the Ford Company. In brief his testimony was this. In April of last year he organized, at the request of the Ford employees, Local 325 of the United Automobile Workers. Election of officers was held in May, and a grievance committee of eleven members (later reduced to seven) was appointed to voice workers' complaints to the factory superintendent. These men were fired one by one during the summer until, in the third week of September, none was left in the plant. Some of them had the right of seniority but when rehiring commenced were not taken on.

Thus arose the first charge of "discrimination in the hiring and firing of workers" and it led up to the strike which was called on November 24. The U.A.W. claimed as members 810 of the 955 men employed at the Saint Louis Ford plant, but in the meanwhile the famous "Loyalty Pledge" had been circulated among the workers and many of them signed it. Some of the "loyal" employees said they would rather pay the two dollar union fee than be "slugged by the C.I.O. strong men," but they would also rather work than go on strike. Thus arose the charge of "influencing the workers against the union." Smith estimated that about 400 men answered the strike call, and that those who went to work might be dubbed "unwilling deserters" whose status in the union is still under determination. He sympathized with them because he felt that they were forced to return to the plant through "economic intimidation" by Ford officials.

Asked whether he advised the strikers to conduct themselves "like gentlemen," Smith replied, "Yes, because public opinion is a determining factor in any strike; and because the strikers are blamed for the violence which is really started by employees of the company."

"Didn't you tell the men to go over there and fill the streets so that no one could go in or out of the plant?"

"I did."

"Isn't that physical violence, used to keep men from work?"

"It's a new definition; but if you call violence, 'putting human bodies so close to each other that no one can get between,' I suppose we committed it."

"Do you approve of physical violence, Mr. Smith?"

"No, sir."

"If a man agreed to go out on strike with you and then didn't go out, or took your job when you struck, would you assault him?"

"I certainly would."

"Would your union and its officers approve of that?"

"Yes, I think so."

"That's all."

So ended the testimony of the C.I.O. organizer—on a sour note. And as the trial continued the Ford "several employees desired to organize an independent union last spring, to compete with the C.I.O. United Automobile Workers, but were given adverse advice by a N.L.R.B. employee."

Besides being directly opposed to the C.I.O. and antagonistic to the N.L.R.B., the local Ford officials likewise disavow the much discussed Liberty Legion of America, Inc. The Legion, a "fraternal" organization, at first made up of ex-service men in the Ford employ, and then extended to all Ford workers, is an intervening petitioner in the Saint Louis case. Its attorney claims that it, and not the C.I.O. United Automobile Workers, should be designated exclusive bargaining agency for Ford workers here.

Being interested in the history of this strange organization I strolled into the Civil Court building on the day its national secretary and founder, Thurlow E. Grey, was to be on the witness stand. His testimony was quite different this time from what it had been on December 30. He admitted that the Legion was started to make money for himself and to bring his name before the public. Over \$1,000 in members' dues were "kept in a cigar box" and it was never quite definite just where the cigar box was. Grey claimed that about 60,000 Ford workers joined the Legion and that dues are fifty cents "if you live in Michigan, and one dollar if you live in any other State." Finally Grey answered "Yes," when John L. Sullivan, C.I.O. attorney asked him whether the Liberty Legion was "conceived in untruth, nurtured and born in misrepresentation and falsehood."

That testimony, it seems to me, puts the Liberty Legion pretty well out of the picture; but it certainly does not bring the case to a close. At the end of January Lawyer Muldoon estimated that he would need two months in which to bring his 700 witnesses to the stand, and he has not yet finished with them. The United Automobile Workers are hanging on determinedly; the N.L.R.B. is making every effort to get a full account of the situation; and it looks as though the Ford Company is fighting with its back to the wall.

What the final outcome of the local conflict will be it is difficult to prognosticate. However, taking a long view of automobile workers' prospects I think it is possible to predict that they will someday be re-converted from dehumanized machines to human workers. And they will probably look back at this case in Saint Louis as a pioneer effort toward their bettered conditions.

STERILIZATION FETISH

JOSEPH J. AYD, S.J.



THIS article concerns sterilization solely as a supposedly effective measure to eliminate or, at least, substantially reduce the number of feeble-minded folk in our midst. Sterilization for other purposes—and there are several other purposes—is not considered. Nor do I wish, even by implication, to discuss any moral question that may or may not be involved in this serious type of human mutilation.

That feeble-mindedness is a social menace no thoughtful person can question. It is, however, an admitted fact that the so called higher grades of morons can perform and actually do perform tasks and services in this world of ours which no one else cares to perform, unless dire necessity compels. This is one of the phases of the problem that the sterilizers miss or ignore.

Feeble-mindedness is a psycho-social defect whose reputed prevalence is merely guessed at. Nobody knows the actual number of the feeble-minded. Some authorities, such as Rosanoff, pessimistically indicate that the proportion of feeble-minded in the United States is about two per cent of the total population, which means that our mentally defective population is about 2,000,000. This estimated population, though probably exaggerated, ought to give us pause.

As we cannot sensibly and morally apply the practice of euthanasia to abolish the menace of feeble-mindedness (an irremediable mental condition), it is obvious that the most important problem that presents itself is that of prevention, supposing that prevention is practically possible. The problem of prevention, however, is rendered quite complicated by the medically recognized fact that, etiologically speaking, feeble-mindedness of varying forms may be produced by multitudinous factors, not involving heredity. The problem, of course, would be vastly simplified were heredity the one and only factor in the causation of feeble-mindedness. But this just does not happen to be so, although, were we to deduce anything from the frantic efforts of sterilizers and other folk to inveigle our legislatures into enacting sterilization laws, we would rightly conclude that heredity is the one and only dominant factor in all cases.

It is easily ascertainable that feeble-mindedness may be, and often is, produced by various factors: hereditary (pregerminal), germinal, embryonic, fetal, intranatal and *post-natal*; that is, the many diseases which attack and the many accidents which beset infants and children. Considering all these various factors anybody can see at a glance that sterilization, if effective at all, would be so only in a small percentage of cases.

In spite of the facts that I have just stated, perhaps too briefly and too calmly, there is a hue and cry, in certain quarters, for promiscuous steriliza-

tion. Some twenty-eight of our States have heeded the hue and cry since 1907, when the first human sterilization law was enacted in Indiana. Even the United States Supreme Court fell a victim of the fetish: it decreed, in 1927, by a vote of 8 to 1, for reasons that are scientifically debatable (as Dr. Myerson observes), that the compulsory statute of Virginia was constitutional. In 1934 Hitlerized Germany enthroned the fetish by enacting a stringent code of laws affecting eight classes of so-called defectives, including the feeble-minded. But California is still outstepping Germany in rendering tribute to this fetish. Knowing California, especially Los Angeles and its environs, one need not be surprised.

What, then, is sterilization and what could it possibly accomplish in the reduction of the feeble-minded? Sterilization is an artificially imposed factual prohibition, by operation or otherwise, upon the human reproductive system which effectually and perpetually, to all purposes, prevents the subject (victim) from contributing his or her share in propagation.

As to what sterilization would actually accomplish, I shall merely summarize the contribution of an outstanding authority, Dr. H. S. Jennings, of Johns Hopkins University, emphasizing the fact that the Doctor is referring mainly to the appearance of hereditary forms in future generations. Though, as everybody acquainted with his publications knows, he is an advocate of eugenic sterilization, his testimony regarding *figures* and *computations* will justly bulk large in this matter.

As statistics reveal, an appreciable portion of the *hereditary* feeble-minded are offspring of apparently normal parentage. Therefore, as the authorities argue, one or other of the parents of the feeble-minded in such instances must have a defective "gene" in the chromosomes of the germ cell, and the parent so secretly afflicted is called a "carrier." There are, they say, 10,000,000 of them abroad, but even the F. B. I. could not ferret out these, biologically speaking, Public Enemies.

In summary, Dr. Jennings (*The Biological Basis of Human Nature*, p. 242) has this to say:

By sterilizing all the feeble-minded in this generation (*what a Herculean task!*), we should get rid of eleven per cent of such persons in the next generation. But since for every actual mental defective there are thirty "carriers" of defective genes (*according to him*), there will still be a large number of (*hereditary*) feeble-minded in that generation, plus (*I add*) the number of those that became feeble-minded because of other active factors. The "carriers" will still carry on, however, and at such a rate that it would take between two thousand and three thousand years (*sixty-eight generations*) to reduce the (*hereditary*) feeble-minded from *one in one thousand* to *one in ten thousand*.

Hence, it would admittedly take up to three thousand years ultimately to achieve a comparatively insignificant reduction in the incidence of *hereditary* feeble-mindedness by resorting to sterilization. In order to compass this reduction (and the eleven per cent in the *next* generation that Dr. Jennings optimistically mentions!) we would have to stage a wholesale sterilization of *all* the feeble-minded of *one* generation.

RED HECKLERS WANTED: CHALLENGE FROM A CHAMPION

They prefer to burrow rather than to fight

ARNOLD LUNN

DURING six months I lectured to long-suffering audiences in some thirty-four American towns on Spain and Communism. Truth emerges from the dialectical clash with falsehood, and I have therefore spared no pains to secure debaters and to encourage hecklers. But good hecklers are hard to find in the States; indeed, one has to work overtime to produce even the faintest echo of a good British "Boo." I neglected no opportunities for searching out heckling talent. When the Communists of Pittsburgh arrived at headquarters on a November morning, they found this notice pinned to the door: "I called at 8 a.m. and again at 9.30 a.m. and should be glad to be informed what time Communists get up." I signed this notice: "Arnold Lunn. A hard-working Catholic."—attached two tickets for, and a pressing invitation to, my lecture. The tickets would probably have been disregarded had not the Press taken a hand in the game. "Author scores first heckle by beating Communists out of bed," was the headline to an article urging the Reds to get even. In England the heckler who is scored off is on his mettle, and returns to the charge; but in the States hecklers subside after the first rebuff.

Many Communists attended my lecture at San Francisco. One of them was removed, shouting, by the police. I begged them to leave me a Red to play with. A Communist shouted from the floor: "There are plenty more left to deal with you." This sounded hopeful but that was the last I heard from them. They did not even respond to my invitation to ask questions. "The Reds," said my chairman, "have a great instinct for tactics. If they can rattle a speaker by interrupting they will do so; but once they see that a man enjoys being heckled and can deal with questions they lie low."

Heckling develops as the duel disappears. The formal courtesy of the eighteenth century, as mirrored in Chesterfield's letters to his son, into the smart and witty rudeness of the young people so brilliantly portrayed in Evelyn Waugh's novels is due to many causes of which, perhaps, the disappearance of the duel is not the least important. Our own century supplies evidence on this point drawn from a different social milieu. A friend of mine enjoyed wandering round Limehouse disguised as

a proletarian. "I suppose you find Limehouse pretty tough," I asked him. "On the contrary I find it difficult to tolerate the hearty rudeness of my friends on my return. It is the greatest mistake to associate physical and verbal violence. Manners in a Limehouse pub are formal and precise, for rudeness is uncommon where discourtesy lands you on the back of your head. Irony and sarcasm are particularly dangerous."

Americans are two generations nearer to the duel than we are, which is one of the factors responsible for the greater courtesy of American audiences. In the Far West when orators carried six shooters, you could either listen in silence, or duck for cover. Natural selection took care of the heckler.

Good hecklers cannot be bred in one generation. I traveled down the Pacific Coast without finding a heckler worthy of the name, though there was plenty of abuse in the press. But the brickbats of the Reds were nicely balanced by the bouquets of the skiers. The Pacific Coast is destined to become one of the greatest of skiing regions and the skiers gave me a great welcome.

Across the top of a page in the *Seattle Daily Times* I found in big black letters the following ringing challenge. "Have you heard of Arnold Lunn? He really is the man who put 69,000 folk into Rainier National Park last winter; who sent more than 85,000 skiing into the national forests last year . . . his name to skiers old and young is . . . well revered." Frankly, I liked that, and could have read much more in this strain with pleasure. But my face fell when I picked up another letter and read an indignant protest from the Young Communists of Seattle against my appearance before the University of Washington. Six champions of Red Spain had spoken on the campus but the Young Reds of Seattle, despite their sunny enthusiasm for free speech, draw the line at "the man who put 69,000 folk, etc." They said: "Lunn is a 'father of skiing' and a professor of theology. What qualifications other than Spanish birth does Mr. Lunn have for the rôle of political commentator? By what right is an exponent of Fascism allowed to attack the democracy of Spain in the democratic country of America? Free Speech? Fascism is the

complete negation of free speech and all democratic traditions. Permitting it to have free expression is a direct blow aimed at the maintenance of free speech."

The "young Communists" of Seattle should make good in the Party for they run true to type. They are unhampered by any interest in facts. I may be old, but I am not the father of a sport which dates back to pre-history. I am not a Fascist nor of "Spanish birth," nor a professor of theology. Communists are a humorless crowd which is just as well, since they are called upon to double the rôles of Uncle Stalin's admirers and the champions of freedom and democracy. And only the most solemn of young Bolshies could demand in the name of free speech that a speaker should be prevented from speaking freely. They did not succeed. On the contrary their campaign filled the University Hall in which I spoke. I twitted them on their cowardice in refusing the debate which I had offered them through my friends in Seattle. They replied to this taunt with a feeble noise which provoked a homesick longing for British "Boos." And, true to type, these timid Reds subsided into silence, and played no part in the subsequent questions.

Members of the faculty were well represented at the lecture and their questions were courteous and occasionally searching. One of them assured me with easy patronage that he was well posted on the Spanish controversy since he had read all the Fascist literature about Spain. Now it is a basic principle of apologetics not to confine oneself to answering questions, so I said: "What Fascist books have you read about Spain?" He looked confused, stuttered and murmured: "Professor Peers' *Spanish Tragedy*." But he had the grace to add: "Of course I know he's not a Fascist." I pressed him for further details of the extensive Fascist bibliography which he had consulted. He said nothing, but a supporter in the front row tried to help him out. "He's writing a book on Fascism," he said. It was reassuring to discover that he has read his own book.

Another Professor took a hand in the game. It is with difficulty, by the way, that one acclimatizes oneself to being addressed as Professor or more briefly "Prof" on joining the faculty of an American university, such titles being reserved at my own University for the august occupants of Professorial chairs. The Professor in question remarked that I had quoted Lenin as writing "the scientific concept that dictatorship means nothing more nor less than Power which rests on violence, which is not limited by law or any absolute rules. Dictatorship means unlimited power resting on violence and not on law." And the Professor added: "That quotation was correct but for one small detail. Mr. Lunn omitted the word 'not'." This drew their first laugh from the Reds, and the young Communists began to take heart. "You have," I said, "made a serious charge. A court stenographer is present. He shall take down your version of that quotation and mine." Then I quoted from memory and as I later found with substantial accuracy, the words given above and asked him to give his ver-

sion. He stuttered: "Dictatorship does not mean absolute violence which is not limited by law. Dictatorship does not mean unlimited power resting on violence." And the result, of course, was pointless. Lenin, believing in violence, felt it necessary to impress his beliefs in the form I quoted, but a ruler who does not believe in unrestricted violence, feels under no obligation to voice a platitude.

From Seattle I went on to Portland where I was interviewed on the radio on my two subjects: Spain and skiing. Militancy is as unpopular on the American as on the British radio and my radio interviewer seemed to find my Spanish views too definite for his taste. "Well, I think we've pretty well exhausted that subject," he said, "and now for skiing." "The subject" I said, "is far from exhausted. Skiing can wait." And I told him my experiences at Seattle and added in the tone of a man imparting useful information: "You see the Reds are yellow and quitters." "That's very strong language," he said. "Strong but accurate," I answered, "but now, if you like, we can return to the snows."

In England so aggressive a challenge would have packed a public hall, such as the hall in which I spoke with militant Reds. And I should have been lucky to have emerged uninjured. I am often asked whether I am not afraid that the Reds will resort to violence. I have no fears—in America. One speaker prominent in Red circles and a few timid supporters was all the result that I secured from my radio challenge. He asked the routine question. "How can you pretend that Franco is fighting for Christian civilization in view of the fact that he is using the Moors?" Now the Communists are making great efforts to pose as the champions of the oppressed Negroes, so I decided to exploit this fact. "The Moors formed part of the regular Spanish Colonial Army just as the Negro division formed part of the American Army in France. Do you think that it was wrong for the Americans to use Negro troops in Europe?" He gave the answer which he hoped would embarrass me most. "Yes I do." I told him that he was a snob, chock full of reactionary race prejudice and that he ought to be liquidated. He was so incensed that on his way to the door he drove his elbow into a priest and tried to push him aside. But the priest was young, with a football training behind him. He did not turn the other cheek, but he did turn the other hip and the Communist went flying into the wall.

From Portland I went on to San Francisco and Los Angeles and met many Spaniards and Americans of Spanish background. Among my most cherished possessions is a Spanish gold piece of considerable antiquity. And the gold coin is affixed to a sheet of paper on which the donor wrote that Providence, it would seem, had decreed that he should keep this piece of ancient Spanish gold, whatever else he might spend, to give to a man who loved Spain, and who loved to engage her Bolshevik enemies in battle. I was touched by this compliment, but the word "battle" should be reserved for real warfare and not for the bloodless debates with timid and reluctant Reds.

WITH SCRIP AND STAFF

JAZZ HONORS PLAINCHANT

RECENTLY this column explained some of the fundamental reasons that underlie the congregational singing of the Vespers. Notice of the congregational Vesper services that have recently been inaugurated in New York City by the Schola Cantorum of the Liturgical Arts Society and the Pius X School of Liturgical Music brought information as to many other localities which have already engaged in the same movement, particularly in the Middle Western States.

Inevitably, in such a movement, questions are raised as to the Gregorian or "plain" (plane, *planus* or smooth) chant. A few simple observations may help to clarify the issue.

The plainchant is not an end in itself. You are no holier for singing a Gregorian melody than for singing a snatch of jazz. It is merely an instrument of worship, like a censer or an altar. The priest uses the plainchant as an instrument of worship in celebrating the Mass, just as he uses the paten or the chalice. You hear it when he intones *Per omnia saecula saeculorum*, and sings the Preface. Unlike, the paten and the chalice, however, the plainchant is also an *instrument of the laity*. It is given to them for a specific purpose, which is participation in the sacred liturgy. To use a homely illustration, you cannot participate in a game of golf unless you use a golf club. So you cannot participate to your fullest capacity in the singing of the liturgy unless you use the plainchant. To try to do so without using it is like trying to play golf with a hockey stick. The hockey stick is superior to the golf club when used on the ice. So ordinary music is preferable to plainchant in other, non-liturgical fields. But plainchant remains an instrument skilfully fashioned by history, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, for serving the liturgy.

There are several reasons why the plainchant is especially fit for participating in the liturgy. The first, simplest of all reasons, is that the greatest part of the sung Latin liturgy of the Church is set only to plainchant melodies. So that if you do not use the plainchant for the thousands of Introits, Graduals, antiphons, psalms, alleluias, etc., which are sung in the liturgy of the Latin Rite your only alternative is to compose countless other musical melodies or else to abandon melody and content yourself with a mere monotone.

The plainchant is singularly adapted to the Latin language. Historically speaking, it borrowed from Latin as spoken by the ancients much of the Latin rhythm and intonation. It is also agreeably fitted to the ordinary human voice. The scale is limited, hardly over an octave; the intervals are small and easy; there are no intricate sharps and flats; the rhythm follows the rhythm of the spoken word.

Syllabic Gregorian, where there is a note for each syllable, puts the minimum on vocal exertion. Even the most florid Gregorian in its most exalted moments does not approach the musical terrors of the *Star Spangled Banner*.

Its execution is an art; but some art is needed to handle any instrument. Any persons not utterly tone deaf can learn to sing Gregorian if they give reasonable diligence to its practice. The chant is taught in Catholic schools, thanks to Mrs. Ward.

The main objection raised is not on the score of difficulty, but on that of unfamiliarity. People fail, they say—or would say if they had the phrase—to grasp the plainchant's musical meaning. It may have meaning for esthetes, they say; but for *me* it is just a rambling, like the wind in chimney-flues of an old country house.

This difficulty is easily resolved, however, by recalling that any type of music becomes intelligible, and, therefore, emotionally appealing, only through association and familiarity. Association transforms a melody. Hear the priest's *Per omnia* or the tones of the *Pater Noster* floating out of a country church at High Mass on a summer's day, and at once they bring to your mind the altar, the sacred Sacrifice, and a hundred devotional memories. Think of what is recalled by the few simple notes of *Holy God*. The meaning (i.e. the sense of musical fitness) of plainchant follows from association with the text.

No music appeals when utterly unfamiliar, not even the most popular. But familiarity with plainchant means familiarity with its characteristic tones and themes.

Its tones underlie a great part of the folk music of the world. They are a natural grouping of the human voice. That they sound unfamiliar to us is due not to some peculiarity of the chant itself, but rather to the fact that our ears have become exclusively attuned to a certain conventional system of tones and a highly conventional rhythm. I believe that the enormous popularity of jazz is in part a silent tribute to the reasonableness of plainchant in resisting our strict musical tradition. Jazz's cavorting bullcalf and plainchant's soaring seraphs are alike emancipated from the rigid bonds of march-time or one, two, three.

My claim, based on observation and experience, is that once a plainchant theme is really known and has become a recognized part of one's worship, it affords precisely as much satisfaction and "meaning" to the averagely unmusical person as does any other melody current and licit in religious service. To those who are musically sensitive it offers as a rule much more, since most of the old plainchant themes follow great patterns, like the designs of Greek friezes or Chinese jade. Why are we so reluctant to use this mighty instrument?

JOHN LAFARGE

LABOR-UNION REFORM

THAT elaborate publication, *Fortune*, has recently conducted a survey of organizations for wage-earners. The results are what were anticipated by all who have observed, usually with pleasure, but sometimes with foreboding, the progress of labor unions in the last quarter-century. Opinions were asked from union members, and the majority recorded their belief that their unions need reform.

While the political surveys conducted by this magazine have been remarkably accurate, we suggest that this latest investigation be received with some reserve. No doubt every effort has been made to secure impartiality, and to make the survey objective. It should be remembered, however, that just as schoolboys always complain of the food served by their Alma Mater, and as members of the family are prone to exaggerate domestic defects, at least in converse in the domestic circle, so members of a labor union are apt to swing the hammer of criticism, not usually with fell intent, but merely to express what is often a proper feeling of independence.

This Review, it need hardly be pointed out, has always supported organization for the wage-earner. As an exponent of authorized Catholic teaching, expressed definitely in the Labor Encyclicals of Leo XIII and Pius XI, it could indeed take no other stand. But going beyond this teaching, we have always striven to be a little blind to the faults of the labor union, not because a fault can be formally approved, but because we have believed that the shortcomings were purely incidental, and would be overcome in time.

Frankly, it has at times been difficult to hold to this stand. As a friend of organized labor we have now and then been compelled to point out that certain labor leaders were conducting the rank and file into a morass. No more than leaders in other fields are union organizers uniformly wise, uniformly aware of the necessity of conciliating the well-informed opinion of the public. We feel that we are well within the bounds of truth in observing that too often labor has been controlled by men who put their private interests, not the interests of the worker, first.

The basis of such reform as may be needed will be found, it seems to us, in a luminous sentence taken from the Labor Encyclical of Leo XIII, "Rights must be religiously respected wherever they are found." When the worker has been exploited, when he and his family are hungry and cold, it is not easy to recognize that even the men who have brutally mistreated him have rights that must be respected. Yet respected they must be, if the rights of the worker are to be ultimately conceded and guaranteed. Violence, particularly as proposed by the Communist now boring into the labor union, will not help the wage-earner. It will create, as we have repeatedly pointed out, an adverse public opinion, and stimulate legislation which may put the labor-union movement back to where it was a century ago.

HUSH!

FOR once we agree with that stormy petrel, Representative Maverick. The Senate plan to investigate the Tennessee Valley Authority is entirely unsatisfactory, since it is designed to suppress whatever may be discreditable to certain political groups. The TVA may be as white as the driven snow, and it may also be another Teapot Dome scandal. We do not know, Congress does not know, the public does not know, and no one will ever know unless we can have a merciless investigation. What is there to hide in this huge Federal project? What is there in it that we, who pay for it, must not know?

THE MARCH TO DICTATORSHIP

DICTATORSHIP is established in the United States when one of the three branches of the Government controls another.

Last year the Administration submitted proposals which would enable it to control the Supreme Court by appointing additional Justices whose views would be those of the Administration. We do not question the Administration's claim that this control was necessary to insure constitutional government, although we do not admit it. We are concerned merely to point out that the result would have been the substitution of a Registry Office for the approval of the Government's decrees, instead of a Court.

That plan was ignominiously routed when Americans of all political parties rose up against it.

The Administration had another plan in reserve. If it could not control the Court, perhaps control of Congress was possible. With this end in view, the so-called "re-organization bill" was introduced. In its original form, it was defeated as decisively as the plan to control the Supreme Court. In an amended form, it was adopted by a craven Senate on March 28.

The essence of this bill is not reorganization of the executive departments. Its essence is the transference from Congress to the President of powers which, under the Constitution, belong solely to Congress.

It does not establish a dictatorship. Some bureaus and agencies created by Congress are still responsible to Congress.

It is, however, the first stride, and a long

GRIFFIN MAYORS

GRIFFIN, a town in Georgia, has an ordinance under which you must obtain permission from the city manager if you wish to distribute circulars or other printed matter. On March 28, the Supreme Court of the United States declared this ordinance unconstitutional on the ground that "it establishes the system of license and censorship in its baldest form." We commend this decision to other cities whose mayors, alleging a Griffin ordinance, throw into jail unlicensed distributors of circulars. In the unanimous opinion of the Court this ordinance is "invalid on its face."

TO DICTATORSHIP

stride, toward dictatorship in the United States. One more stride will take us over the precipice.

That the present Administration will endeavor to harry Congress into taking that stride is morally certain. It is persuaded that the ends of the Constitution cannot be attained unless the Chief Executive is empowered to draw up a program for Congress, and force it through the Courts.

Not many months ago, the President stated in a public address that fetters had been forged by the Government for use in this country. He added, it is true, that these fetters would be dangerous were they at the command of another Administration. We cannot admit that philosophy. It seems to us that fetters at the command of this Administration, or any other, foreshadow dictatorship. Our only fetters are the Constitution and the laws enacted in accordance with the provisions of the Constitution.

This reorganization plan is hardly less dangerous than the bill aimed against the Supreme Court. As James Truslow Adams writes, almost in words that have been used in this Review: "It demands that powers properly belonging to the Legislature be transferred to the Executive, not temporarily, but permanently in all likelihood, because experience teaches that powers once surrendered are regained with difficulty, if at all."

Is the Constitution to be thrown aside after a century and a half at the bidding of men mad with lust for power?

SUBSIDIZING MEXICO

AT long last the Government has announced that the purchase of silver from Mexico will be discontinued—temporarily. Our "good-neighbor policy," it would appear, has been put to a severe test.

For at least twenty-one years this policy has meant that the United States has warmly supported every successive band of brigands that has gained control of the army in Mexico. Without exception, every one of them denied every principle which this Government was founded to protect. At our very borders, unoffending men and women have been tortured and slain for the sole offense of worshiping Almighty God according to the dictates of their conscience.

This Government of ours has looked on with complacency. Ours was a good-neighbor policy, and we must keep on friendly terms even with murderers. Two years ago the Mexican junta announced that it had established a system of schools, at which attendance was obligatory and in which the child was taught to hate God and all morality founded upon the law of God. At this, our fatuous Ambassador to Mexico City publicly stated that at last Mexico had an educational system which in every point represented the American ideals of liberty and godliness!

When these human rights were set at naught, our Government had no complaint. It did not lift a finger of disapprobation until last week, when the Mexican Government stole oil-properties valued by their American and British owners at about \$400,000,000.

We are heartily in sympathy with Senators King and Vandenberg who have demanded an investigation of these silver purchases. They ask, and we with them, why it has been deemed necessary to agree to purchase three-fourths of Mexico's annual yield of silver at a cost of about \$30,000,000, and then bury it. Our purchases have enabled the tyrants in Mexico to carry on with a maximum of face-saving, but what Washington intended to do with this mass of silver, we do not know, nor, apparently, does the Secretary of the Treasury. It is clear, however, that this Government went out of its way to support a gang of brigands in Mexico who have regard neither for man, nor for God.

If our policy brings us into contempt in Mexico, we have only ourselves to blame. For it is a policy that merits contempt, and has for nearly a quarter of a century. We sat down to dine with the devil, and neglected to provide ourselves with a long spoon. Now we complain of our burns.

It is true that the Mexican Government has registered a half-hearted promise of compensation. No one but a fool will be deluded by that promise. Mexico's payments have been in bonds which have no value in the markets, and rarely pay interest. They differ little from printing-press money.

Unless we make an immediate change in our policy, we shall store up serious trouble. The opponents of the American policy in Mexico have been accused of demanding intervention in Mexico.

What they demand is exactly the opposite. They demand that we stop intervening in the affairs of Mexico. No Mexican administration could last twenty-four hours without the support of this Government, and of the American banking-houses supported in their financial policies by Washington. For a quarter of a century we have intervened to deprive the decent Mexican people of their right to a decent Government. We have been the good neighbor who gives the burglar a leg up, as he breaks through a neighbor's window.

Now that this burglar has turned upon us, we could almost rejoice. Perhaps it will teach us that the good-neighbor policy must be applied with reserves when we must deal with individuals whose proper abode is Alcatraz. But the international complications which will arise out of these oil-property thefts cause us grave concern. Great Britain does not look with favor upon Governments or individuals who despoil her subjects of their property. She may make diplomatic representations to the brigands in Mexico City, but she knows from experience that in this case such representations are not so much as a slap on the wrist. Yet under the Monroe Doctrine, she is debarred from taking the only measures which thieves can understand.

Our dollar diplomacy has borne not a worthless harvest, but a harvest of hatred, theft, suppression of natural and political rights, and the possibility of serious international complications. Our first duty is to get out of Mexico and stay out, but if we are determined to stay in, we must remember two points: The first is that Governments, like individuals, are known by the company they keep; and the second, that in dealing with brigands one needs something more substantial than kind words.

PENNILESS RAILROADS

WE have never been able to shed bitter tears in the past over the woes of the American railroad. It has always seemed to us that the tears should be shed by the roads for the misdeeds committed in the days when they were controlled by Wall Street pirates, instead of by railroad operators, and when the average railroad employe with whom the public came in contact had the manners of an unusually crude Piute medicine man.

But we cannot get along without railroads, and the railroads cannot get along if deficits continue to pile up. Last week a committee composed of Messrs. Eastman, Splawn and Mahaffey, members of the Interstate Commerce Commission, was appointed by the President to find out whether the roads can be salvaged. It is a good committee. The members know railroads, and the rights of investors and the public are safe in their hands.

When the Government subsidizes untaxed waterway shipping, and piles higher taxes on the roads, it creates a problem that seems to be insoluble. Perhaps this new committee knows the answer. But if the Government proposes to maintain this competition with private enterprise, it seems to us that the plight of the roads is hopeless.

HOLY WEEK

AS Lent draws to a close, millions of Catholics throughout the world, who have striven to follow Our Lord more closely on the way to Calvary, will begin to reap a spiritual harvest. When we chastise our bodies by fasting, the Church tells us in the Preface for the Lenten Masses, our evil passions are restrained, our hearts are uplifted, and we are strengthened to press forward to the eternal reward which Our Lord has promised. We may not have been able to observe the penitential practices of Lent in their fulness, but if we have done what was possible, Our Lord will take the will for the deed.

Tomorrow, Palm Sunday, inaugurates "the Great Week," or in our current phrase, "Holy Week." It is the most solemn season of the Church's year. On one day only of this week does the Church lay aside her garments of penitence and sorrow, on Maundy Thursday, when she celebrates with magnificence and with joy the institution of the Most Blessed Sacrament, the Memorial of Our Lord's Passion.

The Gospel read tomorrow (Saint Matthew xxi, 1-9) may at first seem hardly appropriate for the beginning of this solemn week. Yet on reflection we may see why these passages were chosen. Within a few days, the Church will lead us to the Garden wherein Our Lord underwent His agony of loneliness and prayer. She will present Him to us as He is taken by His enemies, scourged, mocked, crowned with thorns, nailed to the Cross, where He dies between two thieves. Here we can only conjecture, but may it not be that the Church wishes us to go through the same experience which the Apostles and Our Lord's faithful followers knew so many centuries ago? As He encouraged them by occasionally allowing them to catch glimpses of His Divinity in His miracles, so now, before He becomes the despised of all men, He will enter into Jerusalem with the pomp and majesty of a great King and Leader, the Son of David.

We rejoice with Our Blessed Lord in this fleeting moment in which due honor was paid Him as the Son of God. At the same time, Palm Sunday must remind us how often this sacred scene has been repeated in the life of the Church and, in some measure, in the life of every man who sincerely tries to follow Christ. In one age or in one country the Church is in honor, when the people and their government respect her mission, and do their part in furthering it. But the Church's Palm Sunday is soon followed by her Good Friday, and those who spread palms in her honor now loudly demand that she be crucified.

So, too, in every age and in every country individual Catholics have their successes, but persecution follows fast upon honor. Yet on Palm Sunday, as we catch a glimpse of Calvary beyond the city, our hearts know that the Garden of the Resurrection is near it. The Church and her children are never far from the Cross, but in the Cross is peace and rest, and the promise that these hours of crucifixion are the sure guarantee of victory over death, and of life everlasting.

CHRONICLE

THE CONGRESS. Ignoring Administration demands, the Senate Finance Committee ejected the undistributed-profits-tax principle from the House 1938 Revenue Bill. It also modified the capital-gains tax; all in an effort to aid business. The Committee also eliminated the proposed new estate and gift taxes, restored the ones in effect since 1932. . . . The Senate and House voted for a joint Congressional investigation of the TVA. . . . During the several days before the Reorganization Bill came up for a vote, a constantly increasing stream of telegrams poured into Senatorial offices. The telegrams urged Senators to defeat the Bill. The volume of messages was estimated to be as great as that which swamped the World Court proposal. Senator Walsh's resolution to recommit the Reorganization Bill was defeated, 48 to 43. The Senate then passed the Bill, 49 to 42, which would bestow upon the President great powers in reorganization of the Executive Department. The House, which had already passed its own version, received the Senate Bill for consideration. President Roosevelt, referring to his victory in the Senate, declared: "It proves that the Senate cannot be purchased by organized telegrams based on direct misrepresentation." The remark was warmly resented by Senators who voted against the Bill. Hints that the "purchase" might be on the other side, in the shape of Administration "pap, projects and patronage" were heard in cloakrooms. . . . A War Department appropriation bill totaling \$448,116,280, largest since 1921, was passed by the House, sent to the Senate. . . . The Senate approved the \$549,227,842 Navy Department appropriation bill.

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WASHINGTON. The Supreme Court handed down important decisions. Griffin, Ga., had an ordinance which required people who distributed circulars or advertisements to secure a license from the City Manager. The high court ruled that this ordinance violated the constitutional guarantee of freedom of the press. "The liberty of the press is not confined to newspapers and periodicals," Chief Justice Hughes said. "It necessarily embraces pamphlets and leaflets. . . . The press . . . comprehends every sort of publication which affords a vehicle of information and opinion. . . ." Sections of the Public Utility Holding Company Act of 1935 order utility holding corporations to register with the Securities and Exchange Commission or be deprived of the privilege of using the mails and other means of interstate commerce. The Supreme Court, six to one, upheld the sections. The holding concerns must now furnish information on their financial set-up, methods of business, or undergo the penalties. . . . New York City may impose a three-per-cent tax on public utilities for unemployment relief.

THE ADMINISTRATION. In spite of Mexican President Cárdenas' persistent anti-American moves, the Washington Government has maintained an arms embargo in his favor and steadily aided him financially. When Cárdenas seized British oil companies, as well as American ones, the Administration's attitude changed. The Treasury stopped its monthly purchases of Mexican silver, thus withdrawing support of Mexico's currency. The State Department forwarded an energetic protest to Mexico City, asked about compensation for expropriated American properties. Great Britain lodged a similar protest concerning seizure of British oil properties. The Mexican Government believed British pressure largely responsible for Washington's stronger stand. Besides American oil companies, Cárdenas has seized about 1,000,000 acres of American-owned land. For a while he gave some practically worthless bonds in compensation. The last two years, he has not given even worthless bonds. . . . Tokyo assured Washington that Japanese vessels would cease salmon fishing in Alaskan waters. . . . The Administration invited twenty-nine nations to cooperate in an effort to aid émigrés from Austria and Germany. . . . President Roosevelt made public a letter to an unnamed friend in which the President declared: "I have no inclination to be a dictator."

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AT HOME. Following the appointment of Simon W. Gerson, a Communist, to an important office by Stanley Isaacs, Borough President of Manhattan, New York City, a bill was introduced into the Albany legislature by State Senator John J. McNaboe to exclude Communists from the civil service and educational system of the State. The bill passed both houses of the legislature by an overwhelming majority. Governor Lehman vetoed it. The Governor voiced his opposition to Communism but said democracy must "protect minorities against oppression by the majority." Charles Krumbein, New York State secretary of the Communist party, proclaimed the veto "an outstanding contribution to the entire American progressive movement." . . . The Most Reverend Bartholomew J. Eustace was consecrated Bishop in New York's Cathedral. He is the first Head of the new diocese of Camden, N. J. . . . Colonel Edward M. House, close adviser of President Wilson, died in his New York home, at the age of seventy-nine.

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SPAIN. Generalissimo Franco continued his push to the sea on the 125-mile Aragon front. Nationalist brigades shattered Loyalist defenses, swept into Bujaraloz, chased fleeing Reds down the Saragossa-Barcelona highway. . . . Franco soldiers poured into

Castellon Province for the first time during the war. . . . East of Huesca, Nationalist forces passed the Guatizalema River, hurried on. . . . The fast-moving Franco columns crossed the Cinca River, poured over the Catalonian border, drew close to Lerida, eighty miles west of Barcelona and key city in Catalonia. . . . The Nationalist banners entered Barbastro, completing the conquest of Upper Aragon. . . . From the foothills of the Pyrenees to Castellon Province the Franco war machine met diminishing resistance. . . . Nationalist troops entering Aragonese towns formerly held by the Loyalists found the churches turned into garages, dance halls, warehouses.

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CHINA-JAPAN. Chinese armies in Southern Shantung offered strong resistance to the Nipponese columns. Japanese attempts to move across the Grand Canal and capture Suchow were thwarted. From Lincheng to Taierchwang, Chinese lines held against Japanese assaults. Heavy reinforcements were on their way to the Japanese battling in Shantung. . . . There and in other sectors widespread activity of Chinese guerrillas slowed up the Japanese. In North Honan Province, Japanese airplanes began intensive strafing of the guerrillas. . . . Successes for their arms in Shansi and Anhwei Provinces were reported by the Chinese. . . . Above Wuhu on the Yangtze River, Japanese warships shelled Tungling and Tatung, while over the towns flew bomb-dropping Japanese airmen. . . . Into Shanghai rolled four truckloads of dead Japanese soldiers. . . . Increasing aerial operations by the Chinese aided the morale of the Chinese troops. . . . In Nanking, a new Chinese Government, dominated by Japan, was inaugurated. . . . In Tokyo, the parliament ended its session, having passed the Army-backed National Mobilization and other bills tending toward totalitarianism.

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CZECHOSLOVAKIA. Warned by Berlin that news dispatches derogatory to Germany sent out to foreign countries from Prague would not be tolerated, Czechoslovakian Foreign Minister Krofta called foreign correspondents, told them articles causing trouble with neighboring countries must not be forwarded. . . . A plan whereby Czechoslovakia would be changed into a federation of cantons similar to Switzerland was broached. . . . The Czechoslovakian Premier announced a minority statute in which the present regulations covering the Sudeten Germans and other minorities would be legally codified. The statute was said to be unsatisfactory to Germany, which claims for the Sudeten Germans the status of a nationality with right of self-determination. In the Prague Chamber of Deputies, spokesmen for the Sudeten Germans, Polish, and other minorities demanded autonomy.

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GERMANY. In 1914 the German peace-time army numbered 850,000. It is now brought again to that strength by a decree increasing the Reichswehr

from fourteen to eighteen army corps. . . . Campaigners for the plebiscite sped up and down the Reich and what once was Austria. The ballot reads: "Do you approve of the reunification of Austria with Germany as accomplished on March 13, and do you vote for the list of our Fuehrer, Adolf Hitler?" The list is that of the handpicked candidates for the new Reichstag. There is a large circle for Yes, a small one for No. Austrian ballots are green, the German ones white. . . . Campaigning in East Prussia, Hitler said the Nazi idea will become the creed of Germans everywhere. "Who should be surprised," he said in Berlin, "if it (National Socialism) flows out over our frontiers wherever there are Germans. . . ." Hitler stigmatized Schuschnigg as a traitor to the German cause, while the throngs yelled: "Hang him! Kill him!" The Fuehrer referred to himself as Austria's "liberator." . . . Austria's Catholic Bishops issued a statement asking their flocks to vote for union with Germany.

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ITALY. The Italian Foreign Office received intelligence that Premier Blum of France decided to send two French army corps into Catalonia to save the Loyalists, had hesitated after London warned it would not support him in the move. Premier Mussolini told France any armed intervention by her in Spain would endanger world peace. . . . Addressing the Senate, Mussolini declared Italy could mobilize 9,000,000 men, with 4,000,000 to 5,000,000 front-line fighters; that the land forces would be supported by a powerful navy and one of the world's greatest air fleets.

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FOOTNOTES. *Le Jour*, French newspaper, gave a day-by-day account since February 15 of the flow of war materials over the French border to Loyalist Spain. A sample date, March 8, saw fifty tons of rifles, thirty tons of ammunition, eighty tons of artillery, thirty tons of explosives. March 12: four freight cars of machine-guns and anti-aircraft guns; thirty-eight freight cars of tanks and other materials. . . . In Russia, eleven citizens accused of sabotage were sentenced to death in Novosibirsk. At Prokopievsk, five "Trotskyist traitors" were condemned, charged with starting 345 mine fires. For causing a train wreck, six Tomsk Railway employes were sentenced to face firing squads. In Moscow, the Northern Sea Route Administration was under fire of the Stalin regime. . . . Bitter over the surrender to Poland, Lithuanian citizens forced the Cabinet to resign. . . . Pope Pius sent a grant of money to aid the widow and two daughters of Dr. Heinrich Rudolf Hertz, discoverer of the Hertzian waves. The widow and daughters fled from Germany to Britain. Dr. Hertz was a Jew, his wife and children Protestants. . . . Hitler warned Luxembourg he would not tolerate press attacks such as those which followed his Austrian snatch. . . . Mexican President Cárdenas started showering American Communists and other radicals with propaganda in an effort to keep Washington from bringing economic pressure to bear on him. . . .

CORRESPONDENCE

Public Library
Detroit Mich.

WORLD'S FAIR EXHIBIT

EDITOR: I was surprised to learn from AMERICA that to date no action has been taken for a Catholic exhibit at the coming New York World's Fair to serve as an antidote to the Communist.

If the clergy and laity who were at the Temple of Religion dinner were forced to work a month or less on the WPA, largely dominated by Communist propagandists, they would be keenly aware of the need of strong, Catholic action. Or if they were compelled to work in any of the lower wage groups and see the germ of Communism being inoculated into the underprivileged who are made to see in it their own material salvation. Unsuspecting Catholic girls and boys, recently out of Catholic high schools are caught by the "similarity" between Catholic and Communist principles pointed out to them by assiduous organizers who can glibly quote from the Papal encyclicals and Catholic publications, including AMERICA, to prove that Catholic and Communist ideals are one.

Father Monaghan's recent statement—that Labor was right to organize—was misquoted "Labor is right, not left" to induce a young Catholic girl to join the Communist Workers Alliance. Father Haas and Father Ryan are frequently misquoted in similar manner.

Our clergy and many of our laity are far removed from what we workers are forced to combat in our struggle for bread; and it is hard for our young workers to understand when day by day only the one side is presented to them, and Sunday sermons do not touch these problems.

A well-planned exhibit, in the face of Communist inroads, would strengthen the Catholic position in this country and prove to bewildered Catholics that the roots of Communism and Catholicism do not meet. May AMERICA be instrumental in bringing this about.

New York, N. Y.

E. MYLES

UNITED ACTION

EDITOR: May the writer say a word with regard to the basic practical question raised by J. Edgar Westfield in his article, *Communist Hymn Resounds in Madison Square Garden* (AMERICA, March 12)? This is the problem of unified Catholic Action with regard to the social question as it exists in America today.

This Catholic unified action, should, it seems, have two external aspects—the exposé of the false and dangerous remedy proposed by the well-organized Communist element and coordinated effort for the practical application of the Christian remedy for the social ills of our economic order.

In both of these efforts we seem to lack a unity both of understanding and of action, which is in strange contrast to the solidarity of Communism. With meager forces they are able to extend the sphere of their destructive influence far and wide—to youth, to the Negro, to the *intelligentsia*, to the trade unions. We, 20,000,000 strong, united in doctrine and in Faith, are able to keep Communism from actually entering into our own ranks to any real extent, but beyond that we are able to do but little. We are practically static in this regard, while Communism makes advances, little by little, but advances just the same.

The story of other lands in our own time should make us realize that any advance of Communism in America is a matter for deep concern to all Catholics and to all Americans. The Church understands the diabolical ideology of Communism, with its cruel and false promises of an earthly paradise, far better than any other organization in the world. Unity of understanding and of action with regard to its attack would seem to be called for now in the Catholic body in America.

This means a united laity, working in well-organized and disciplined unity, under a united Episcopate. As the question of the establishment of wider Christian social justice seems to be the great issue of our day, this question of unity is a problem to which the Catholic body may well give its best thought and efforts. The lesson of Spain is before us, red with the copious blood of the innocent victims.

Quincy, Mass.

WILLIAM E. KERRISH

EYE OPENER

EDITOR: Congratulations on the Bias Contest. It's just the thing to arouse Catholics from their lethargy. The secular press will not treat Catholic principles or Catholic news fairly until we Catholics change our Rip Van Winkle attitude. Twenty million American Catholics can put teeth in a protest. However there can be no effective protest until Catholics realize that they are not being treated honestly by the secular press. The Bias Contest should open our eyes.

Catholic protests might often be more effective if sent to those who advertise in the papers and magazines refusing to present the Catholic side of a question. A protest from these advertisers to the editor (if it were only to forward our letters) would have the desired effect.

Father Schoder's suggestion to form parish committees to complain against biased or false news reports would be a very practical means of following up the work of the Bias Contest.

St. Louis, Mo.

J. H. L.

LITERATURE AND ARTS

AT HOME WITH WILLIAM COWPER

PAULA KURTH

IT was Hazlitt's opinion that *John Gilpin's Ride* has perhaps given as much pleasure to as many people as anything of the same length ever written. And the Cowper who fathered it is the Cowper of *The Task* and the *Letters*, not the hapless author of *The Castaway*; he is the Cowper who managed to hide his melancholy fears and turn a brave face toward the world, and who loved to linger over a cup of tea at the wintry twilight hour when the shutters were closed and the fire freshly stirred.

"Few people have the art of being agreeable when they talk of themselves," Cowper once wrote to William Unwin. He himself was among the few: he was his own Boswell and the *Letters* supplemented by the *Poems* form a comprehensive autobiography. He never dissembled, and, unlike Gray, he sometimes "spoke out." Even his person is brought before us in the correspondence, quaintly and individually; we learn the arrangement of his periwig and that he liked his hat to be "a smart, well-cocked fashionable affair."

That intangible something which Meredith defined as the gift of intimacy turned out to be Cowper's most precious possession and brought him the greatest return in happiness. Though himself a born friend, the most ingenuous and urbane of mortals, he was prevented from having many friends by his retired way of life. But those he cherished were almost part of himself; and his style of writing them became subtly adapted to their personalities—it depended on whether the letter was to his gold-hearted cousin, Lady Hesketh; or his much loved young Johnny of Norfolk; the inveterate smoker, the Reverend William Bull—"dear Taureau" as Cowper affectionately called him; or his congenial neighbor, Mrs. Throckmorton of Weston Hall—alias Mrs. "Frog." It was an age of nicknames and Cowper had one of his own too, Lady Hesketh had happily dubbed him "Giles Gingerbread."

Although Cowper was not busy as were, say, his erstwhile schoolfellows, Lord Thurlow and Warren Hastings, he had his round of regular occupations and small duties and his scheduled hours of composition. Often he wrote letters first thing in the

morning. "I catch a minute by the tail," he told Unwin, "and hold it fast while I write to you. The moment it is fled I must go to breakfast." He frequently wrote, as he said, "without thinking," and considered that "everything is subject enough" between friends. Another time he admitted he "never aimed at anything above everyday scribble when he wrote to those he loved," and everyday scribble tossed off, as he pictures it, in "helter skelter manner." After this fashion was hatched the "divine chit-chat" which so roused Lamb's admiration.

Cowper liked immensely to receive letters himself. And he found the poor mail service in the little town of Olney most harassing. Why, sometimes, when there was actually a letter for him, the people at the Inn were too careless to deliver it until several days had passed! He enjoyed receiving packages too, particularly when Lady Hesketh sat on the stairs and watched the unwrapping. His friends sent him presents of all sorts—an ivory inlaid desk to supersede the "books of maps" on which he had been used to write, a snuff box, a handsome coverlet, barrels of oysters and tubs of salmon, and an "elegant toothpick case."

In the warm weather during the years at Orchard Side, Cowper spent long hours in a small greenhouse in the garden, his boudoir he called it. The place, which he had lined with mats, was just large enough to accommodate a table, two chairs and the cages of his pet goldfinches, while a hole in the floor formed a convenient receptacle for dear Taureau's fragrant pipes. It is often referred to in the letters, and many of them were dated from it. At the side of the greenhouse grew a bed of mignonette and "a hedge of honeysuckle, roses and jasmine," all carefully tended and kept in order by the poet himself. When his fame was beginning to get abroad, Mrs. "Frog" once brought some fashionable ladies up from London to see it; and, forgetting his shyness, he conducted them about the little garden and cut a bouquet for each.

Cowper could never resist fine weather: it always found him rambling over the countryside. He delighted in rolling scenery, and loved the smell

of the commons and the sounds of country noises—all, as he carefully noted, except the ass' bray. He shared with Wordsworth a preference for a rather tamed nature. The "tremendous height" of the Sussex hills, seen by moonlight when he made that momentous but vain journey to Eartham seeking health for Mrs. Unwin, daunted him not a little.

Although he was so fond of the outdoors, neither Cowper nor any one else at Olney went walking much in winter, for then the valley of the winding, sluggish Ouse did not provide a very "walkable country." Snow, rain and mud made the going too unpleasant for beflooned ladies and even beflooned gentlemen. Cowper found himself obliged to take his exercise within doors by "ringing a thousand bob-majors upon the dumb-bells." Yet in their little parlor, on those very winter evenings, how snug he and Mrs. Unwin were! It was then he transcribed what he had written during the day—sometimes as many as sixty lines, or read aloud to his "faithful Mary" from a favorite book of travel and adventure, or, if he was tired, simply wound her wool for her. Before going to bed they would have a country supper of eggs and radishes, finished off with a glass of wine. When Lady Austen was of the company they were livelier; and there is a letter describing in detail such an evening. One of the ladies played on the harpsicord while Cowper contested with the other at battle-dore and shuttlecock, and a little dog, sitting under a chair, howled in rivalry of the music. But all visitors were not so welcome as Lady Austen. Cowper, too, knew the bore who insists on relating minutiae of past illnesses, giving his unwilling listener (he could be shrewd enough, this quiet poet with the twinkling eye) "a doctor's trouble but without the fees."

The little dog in the parlor was no unusual sight. There always seemed to be some animal or other about the place. The exploit of Beau, the spaniel, in retrieving the water lily is told in one of his master's most charming poems, while another, equally charming, recounts the domestic adventure of the "retired cat." For a long time two pet hares were favorites with Cowper. He used to let them out of their hutches each evening for a scamper about the parlor, taking great care meanwhile that no door be opened, and finding their antics most diverting. Yet, in spite of precautions, eventually one of the hares did escape, and what an exciting run she gave them! The whole village, men, women, children and dogs, seemed to discover immediately what had happened, and gave chase. The truant was finally captured and "brought home in a sack at ten o'clock."

From his window at Olney Cowper could see the world go by, albeit the provincial world of a little Buckinghamshire town. There was drunken Geary Ball, as punctual in going after his dram as was Cowper in cleaning his teeth, there was the Reverend John Newton, the stern-faced minister—a reformed slaver, there was Teedon, the self-important school master, there were the Olney lace-makers in whose hard life he took such a practical and helpful interest. And, finally, there was Lady

Austen coming out of the draper's shop opposite and being seen for the first time by the poet. She so caught his fancy he did violence to that ever present diffidence and got Mrs. Unwin to invite her to drink tea with them. It was a fortunate meeting, for to Lady Austen's suggestion is owed not only *The Task* but *John Gilpin's Ride* itself.

Did Cowper never regret London though? The literary companionship to be found there should have proven agreeable even in his salad days; indeed Doctor Johnson, no less, was holding forth not far from the young student's chambers. But the lad had been too bashful to introduce himself into the presence of the Great Cham—he was no Bennet Langton, or even to have brushed acquaintance with Mr. Davies; and he had ended by being very miserable in London. Many years later he heard that the Doctor had "read and recommended" one of his books and was accordingly gratified. It is likely, however, that Cowper thought much more of the yet earlier days at Great Berkhamstead before his inner life had begun to go "in sables"; when his mother had seen him off each morning for the nearby Dames' school, fortified against the weather in scarlet coat and velvet cap and cheered with "a biscuit or confectionery plum." Yes, his mother had been the one person who loved and understood him utterly, who alone could soothe his childish fears; and she had died when he was six years old. But he never forgot her, never for a single day, as is attested for all time by the beautiful lines he wrote fifty-two years later on the receipt of her picture. Before her marriage she had been Anne Donne, bearing the name made famous by the poet-dean's mournful jest; and perhaps her son could trace some of his perplexity of character to this celebrated ancestor.

Cowper had on odd idea that reading other men's poetry would affect his own and make him unconsciously their imitators; so he "reckoned it among his principal advantages, as a composer of verses, that he had not read an English poet these thirteen years." Never was there an author who aimed less at a reputation as litterateur, or who was more unlikely to assume privileges by reasons of his calling, or who put on fewer airs. But as regards his own poems he was a perfectionist, never allowing a line to pass until he had made it the best he could: the file was no unfamiliar tool to his hand. He was exacting, also, about the appearance of his pages, and once apologized delightfully to Mrs. "Frog" because his "lines turned up their tails like Dutch mastiffs." Mrs. "Frog" sometimes helped in the final copying.

All his writing and reading, all his simple pleasures and little occupations—even his friends—were unable to make Cowper completely happy. Wistfully we fancy the man he might have been had he adopted the Faith of his neighbors at the Hall. In fact there was a rumor at Olney once that he had done so, but, unfortunately, it was quite untrue. If only "Griggy" had had the joy of helping poor "Giles Gingerbread" to the peace he longed for, the gentle poet's charity, unselfishness, humility and sincerity would have shone yet more brightly.

DREAMS OF THE ROOD

FERRY MAN

Christopher is Christ's ferry man
Across the flood.
I stand with arms outstretched and wide
And am Christ's rood.

HUNTER'S LICENSE

Midway above your antlered head,
Beautiful buck, Christ's cross is set.
There Eustace saw it shining once
And I can see it yet.

PARAPHRASE FROM THE "NUN'S RULE"

By quaint ways men keep things in thought.
Our sweet Lord Christ, to mind Him of us,
Wears piercing marks in hands and feet,
The more to love us.

SISTER M. MADELEVA

THE SNATCH OF ST. STEPHEN

You had a right to slay him, Saul,
To curse with those who cried him down,
To hold their coats and watch him fall
And hear his words of pardon drown
In martyrdom outside the town.

Your deed was well within the law,
But Stephen's was a braver code.
That holy face whose Light you saw
Accused you as it later glowed
Undimmed on the Damascus road.

It was the look he lanced at you,
The fierce forgiveness as he fell,
With Christ's compassion piercing through,
That made your proud Epistles tell
How pity plucked you out of hell.

CLIFFORD J. LAUBE

BESIEGER AT THE GATES

"One cometh from the east, O Church my mother,
His sword drips blood; his mouth is curled with hate.
The town is safe. Shall I admit none other?"
She said: "Swing wide the gate."

"He comes inside directed by the devil
Whose words are written on the winds of hell."
She spoke: "Death has not sealed him in his evil.
Point out the place I dwell."

"I am your child," I cried, "your robes enfold me.
Give me your spear and I will run him through."
"He also is a child of mine," she told me,
"Beloved no less than you."

"His hand is on your door; soon you will never
Escape him. Speak! Still may he be misled!"
"Though I can weep, though I can bleed forever,
I cannot die," she said.

He entered in; I saw the sunlight flash on
The steel ere he was to her bosom pressed.
I saw her face, all beauty and compassion,
Above the sword he buried in her breast.

JESSICA POWERS

SUGGESTION

Retaliate
like the oyster,
who wounded, gives pearls.

SISTER BETSY

WARNING TO CONTEMPLATIVES

The soul can overburdened be
With thinking of Infinity,
And over-eager for the place
Assigned it in the realm of Grace,
And so go straining for a goal
Beyond its valor as a soul.
And then—what water in the eyes
Will well, what aches, what agonies
Assail the bones and speed the heart
And rend the body most apart!
And then—the query for the cure,
The symptoms that are never sure,
The hours unbearable in bed,
The endless ice-pack on the head:
Undiagnosable disease,
The pain that is and is not peace,
When Christ has offered wounds for wealth
And often not so good for health.

LEONARD FEENEY

LOVESONG FOR THE TRINITY

My Father's Arms are opened wide.
Upon His breast I lie in love
Who am eternally His child.
My Bridegroom is a Dove.

The Holy Ghost speaks words of flame.
The Word of Love He speaks to me
Who hear Him, ravished with delight.
My Son leaps inwardly.

My Son leaps inwardly and numbs
With joy the soul's unopened womb,
For that which is conceived in me
Is of the Holy Ghost, by Whom

I shall bring forth the promised fruit,
The ineffable, the incarnate Word
By which my heart will comprehend
What all and only I have heard.

PATRICIA O'NEIL

BOOKS

AMERICA'S DRAMATIC CRITIC

THREE ROUSING CHEERS. By Elizabeth Jordan. D. Appleton-Century Co. \$3

MISS JORDAN needs no introduction to the readers of AMERICA, whose dramatic reviews she has written for fourteen years. To the many who have enjoyed her shrewd and sparkling criticisms, and have wondered what manner of woman penned them, this autobiography will supply a wholly delightful answer. Written in an unaffected and richly human style, Miss Jordan tells the story of an amazingly interesting life. Her professional, social and personal contacts resulted in close and life-long friendships with a large number of famous people and, although she disclaims any personal importance in the reminiscences she relates of them, one cannot but sense the qualities in a woman who made and kept such intimate and thrilling attachments.

Miss Jordan's career was launched when she became a reporter for the *New York World*. Aided by "scoops," notably in the Helen Potts murder case, she was appointed assistant editor of the Sunday edition in her twenties, and within ten years had moved upward to the editorship of *Harper's Bazaar*. In this capacity, and later as literary advisor for *Harper's*, she "brought out" several young authors, among them Sinclair Lewis and Dorothy Canfield. Her own books were well received, and brought her financial security.

It is a refreshing experience to view as a whole the incidents of such a full life, as Miss Jordan tells them. For hers is a healthy and human and infectious zest for living. She preaches no social nor economic gospel. But back in her convent days in Milwaukee she must have drunk deep of the springs whence flow the waters of eternal peace in the next life, and contentment in this.

ROBERT A. HEWITT

DOWN WITH TRADE BARRIERS

THE RECIPROCAL TRADE POLICY OF THE UNITED STATES. By Henry J. Tasca, Ph.D. University of Pennsylvania Press. \$3.50

A SEARCHING study reinforced with copious references, terse in style, bristling with technical terms, the book is not suitable for the general public. "The Conclusion" is the title of the last chapter. This, by contrast, is easily understood and at present most timely, when our trade treaties are making the headlines. Briefly dismissing the iniquities of our past tariff policies as "the triumph of special interests over the general welfare," the author points to the broad delegation of power to the President as the implicit recognition of the glaring inability of Congress to deal satisfactorily with the tariff question.

Many a concealed subsidy lay hidden in our past tariff schedules. The evolution of the American reciprocal trade policy is traced, and the set-up of the complex organization under the Secretary of State is well described and charted to aid the reader. At first progress was slow but up to date sixteen countries have signed on the dotted line. Those who wish to know the meaning of quotas and the most-favored-nation clause will find chapters devoted to these highly technical matters. The author approaches his subject from the standpoint

of the theory of international economic liberalism. This theory he states but does not evolve, as his purpose is to explain what has been done in the negotiating of trade treaties.

Unfortunately, the public today does not understand the significance of our foreign policy which is to break down the trade barriers among the nations, because these things lead to war and because as long as they exist there can be no world recovery. Of course, we must protect our own established industries and this attempt to reconcile two conflicting principles makes Washington a storm center. This the author recognizes and calls for education.

GEORGE T. EBERLE

WHERE THE IDOLS ARE SELF-WORSHIP

BOW DOWN TO WOOD AND STONE. By Josephine Lawrence. Little, Brown and Co. \$2.50

IN reading a book written by a successful novelist, a reviewer is likely to be favorably impressed before the story justifies or lessens the impression. This is true in regard to Miss Lawrence and her most recent novel, *Bow Down to Wood and Stone*, which follows in the wake of *Years Are So Long*, with its popular appeal and more than ordinary success.

It would be untrue to say that enthusiasm and interest were dimmed in the reading or dispelled by the honest presentation of persons and characters in the story, which has considerable literary merit and vital power of expression. But it would be excessive praise to say that the book is unusually interesting or exceptionally important.

The futility of a certain type of sacrifice is evident in the portrayal of the three principal characters, all sisters, who failed eventually in their quest of happiness because their ideas of sacrifice were really based on selfish motives. They were too ardent in their zeal to make others fit the mold they had formed for them; in exceeding the prudent measure of common sense and discretion, they lost the affection and respect of those whom they tried to befriend.

Though conscious of a certain martyrdom in the form of constant and difficult sacrifice, the three sisters were really serving unworthy idols of wood and stone in doing their own will and in glorifying self, which is one of the worst forms of idolatry. And the author has left no doubt in the minds of her readers that Seneth, Brosia and Gillian finally paid the penalty for their false worship in the disappointing consequences and the ingratitude of their beloved victims.

F. E. LOW

THE PAINTER CHANGES HIS TRADE

THE HOUSE THAT HITLER BUILT. Stephen H. Roberts. Harper and Bros. \$3

THE present crisis gives added value to this book. Doctor Roberts spent sixteen months in Nazi Germany (November 1935 to March 1937). He has interviewed all the leading personalities in the Nazi party. He writes with objectivity and clarity and does not minimize the constructive work of Hitlerism in certain fields, e.g., in relieving unemployment and increasing production.

This work gives a complete survey of the Nazi movement from its obscure origin in 1919 to its present supremacy in Germany. Hitlerism is ably analyzed in all its aspects, political, social, economic, cultural and religious. The character sketches of Hitler, Goering, Goebbels, Himmler, Rosenberg, Schacht, Baldur von Schirach, Frick, Ley, Streicher and other leading personalities are illuminating. Doctor Roberts regards Goebbels as the "brain" behind Hitler. Goebbels is an apostate from the Faith, a bitter foe of the Cross, a really brilliant and sinister personality, in short, the "Nazi Mephistopheles."

The chapters on the Jewish problem and that on "Swastika versus Cross" are exceptionally well done. They reveal the racial fanaticism, brutality and deep-rooted Paganism which seem innate in the Nazi *weltanschauung*. Doctor Roberts predicts that Nazi foreign policy will inevitably lead to war. Hitlerism he contends, must march on through Austria into Hungary and the Balkans, through Lithuania into the Baltic lands, or collapse at home. He predicts the subjugation of Austria (now a *fait accompli*) and the liquidation of Czechoslovakia. Sooner or later Hitler will plunge the world into Armageddon.

The dilemma for Catholics is this: How can we aid in halting the march of "Brown Paganism" without playing the game of "Red Bolshevism?" This dilemma is acute and at present seems insoluble.

Doctor Roberts defends Germany's claim to colonies and his arguments are persuasive. He slurs the Portuguese colonial administration, but Salazar has greatly improved it since 1928.

The work of Doctor Roberts ranks with those of Doctor Calvin B. Hoover and M. Henri Lichtenberger. He writes without passion or prejudice. The picture he presents and supports with a mass of evidence is one to alarm the friends of peace, religion and culture the world over.

LAURENCE KENT PATTERSON

BOOKS IN BRIEFER REVIEW

THE SECRET LETTERS OF THE LAST TSAR. Edited by Edward J. Bing. Longmans, Green and Co. \$3.50

NOT what is labeled the worse side of his character, but much of the good in him will be revealed by this intimate record of the last of the Tsars. Consequently, the title of the book as published in England, *The Letters of Tsar Nicholas and Empress Marie*, must have been preferable to its present one. For *Secret Letters* penned by the mysterious autocrat of Imperial Russia are probably expected to be packed with plots and intrigues; none of which are encountered here. Nicholas II stands at once in clearer outline and further shrouded in uncertainty. The evidence presented here, excellent in itself, cannot fill in what is lacking to the portrait of the ruler.

These are personal letters passing between Nicholas and Marie, most human and charming mother and son. Family matters are discussed, which concerned most of Europe's crowned heads. Trivial talk mingles with policy. Above all, their familiar converse assists each to bear their very great personal griefs. It may be we have indulged a close curiosity as to the feet of clay of this particular idol, for his name is linked with stark tragedy and tragedy invites disenchantment. An ampler sympathy produced by these letters will declare the clay to be compounded exceeding fine.

J. COLLINS

THE PLACE OF SAINT THOMAS MORE IN ENGLISH LITERATURE AND HISTORY. By R. W. Chambers. Longmans, Green and Co. \$2

THAT Henry was "a good thing," that More's disapproval of the Boleyn marriage was "a bad thing," that More's execution was "an inevitable incident," has been the unwearying verdict of Whig history. Foxe and Hall began, and Burnet, Knight, Walpole, Green, Froude and

other children of Clio have kept up a persistent reiteration that More went turn-coat from the ranks of progress and light to the dark troops of reaction. Motive force of this propaganda: Protestantism, then Patriotism, lately an admiration of machinery of government.

To a full, honest historical biography of the Saint this short volume is a minor but worthy sequel. An introductory chapter is given to More and his father, and his early legal training, a final chapter to the lawyers and their verdict.

Almost to a man, men of letters have loved More, but to a man the historians have misunderstood and misrepresented him. This is the pith of chapter two. A third chapter—perhaps the best—gives, against a picture of that "dangerous world," that "nightmare age," a defense of More, as of a Christian magnification of Antigone, in his gallant, quiet stand for Divine against Civil Law, a defence against a mean and prejudiced silence about facts.

EDWIN D. CUFFE

GOD, MAN AND THE UNIVERSE. Edited by Evan Kologriwof, S.J. English translation edited by Aloysius Ambuzzi, S.J. St. Joseph's College, Bangalore. \$1

ENGLISH translation of the book *Essai d'une Somme Catholique contre les Sans-Dieu*, the present work purports what the French title clearly indicates. The book contains sixteen essays on various phases of philosophy, science and religion, and is an attempt to answer the atheistic arguments of Communism in these various fields. Each essay has been written by a man who is an authority in his own field.

As has been already indicated, the matter covered by the essays is vast. There are essays on the existence of God, on astronomy and cosmogony, on biology, psychology, fundamental theology, sociology and various other allied fields. The old charges against Catholicism are excellently summed up, and the answers presented, are, for the most part, satisfactory and complete.

The book labors under the natural difficulty of every series of essays written by independent authors—the nexus and logical development between parts is not always clear. Further, there is occasionally an appeal to rhetorical device, which is not at all necessary and which tends to lessen slightly the scientific force of the argument presented. The translation is excellent, although a few phrases may have an unfortunate connotation with American readers.

Each part of the book is equipped with an outline, a series of questions and a fine English bibliography. In addition, the book contains, as an appendix, the Encyclical of Pius XI on Atheistic Communism. This whole work will prove a valuable addition to any library and should be especially recommended to study clubs and parish organizations.

RALPH O. DATES

MACMILLAN'S MODERN DICTIONARY. Compiled and Edited under the Supervision of Bruce Overton. The Macmillan Co. \$3

THERE are 1466 pages in this new dictionary, and on a first acquaintance it shows three outstanding qualities which will go to the heart of every dictionary user. It is printed on good stout paper; also it is printed in pleasant readable type, so that you do not get eyestrain peering at the words; last of all, it is so bound that the pages stay put when you open the book.

These are three excellent qualities, and the intellectual content measures up to the material format. The main words printed in bold face type are followed by a phonetic pronunciation. There are a number of phrases in foreign languages that are in common use, and these are furnished with their correct pronunciation and English meaning. In addition to all this there are numerous short articles pertaining to matters Catholic. In this connection the editors have worked wisely. Thus you learn that "Jesuitry" is a false and opprobrious use of the word (we have been a long time coming to that). And there is many another explanatory phrase which explodes old fables, so there is no excuse for intelligent people getting all wrong with words.

H. W.

ART

TWO weeks ago I discussed portraiture in this column, and hinted at criteria for judgment in this department of the representational arts. It seems logical to follow this with a discussion of landscape, since these two categories of subject matter comprise the greater part of what most people mean when they use the word "art." It is unfortunate that this should be true, and later on I hope to write on the general question which will show how limited and provincial is such a conception.

It is well to remember that in occidental art the landscape as a proper subject matter for a painter was unknown until the Renaissance, and did not achieve any real popularity until the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In the Far East one finds a far older school of landscape painters. There are those who have found a striking resemblance between the intellectual currents which, at an earlier date, produced in China a devotion to landscape subjects and the currents which in Western Europe produced the same artistic phenomena.

This most interesting idea has never, so far as I know, been competently investigated by one having the linguistic and philosophical knowledge necessary for the task; all that we can do is to assert positively that in the West the disintegration of the concept of a Christian society under the individualist attacks of the Renaissance and Reformation led to many results of which one was a marked increase in the attention paid to non-human nature. It was not so much that men began suddenly to realize the beauties of nature, but rather that they began to conceive of nature as having importance in and for herself, rather than as a background for the far more important activities of man.

The exquisite backgrounds in medieval paintings and manuscript illuminations are quite sufficient proof that natural beauties have not ever passed unnoticed. The important thing is that before the late Renaissance a landscape is always a background for a human action. But a philosophy of individualism can easily lead to a denial of the value of human nature and, quite logically, to seeking solace and peace in non-human nature. "With little here to do or see of things that in the great world be, sweet daisy, oft I talk with thee, for thou art worthy."

Compare this attitude of Wordsworth with that, let us say, of Chaucer, to whom the daisy is interesting only because it is a pleasing flower, or because it is dear to the human object of the poet's affections. To Chaucer such landscape painting as that which we accept as a legitimate department of art might have been good fun; he might have admired the sheer skill of it. But he certainly would never have considered such art as being more than a form of entertainment; certainly he would have placed it in an altogether different category of importance from portraiture.

All this must be borne in mind when we consider landscape painting. From a Catholic or, indeed, from any sound point of view there is no harm in landscape painting, any more than there is in nature poetry, so long as we do not confuse our categories and give it an importance which it cannot have. And if we take non-human nature too seriously, we run the danger of pantheism.

As in portraiture, there are two lines of attack for the landscapist. He may go about his work in a meticulous way, giving the impression of having painted every leaf on every tree; or he may, with a few broad strokes, try to recreate the "atmosphere," the mood of what he is depicting. The first method, which is having considerable popularity at the moment, leads to tedium; the second, which after long years of experience with the medium our Oriental friends have come to regard as the only fruitful approach, has more interest, but, for this very reason, is more dangerous.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE

THEATRE

WHITEOAKS. Ever since I have been a New York theatre-goer, which is longer than I care to admit, the appearance of Ethel Barrymore in a new role has meant a thrill for her audiences. Sometimes, if the play was good, the thrill was a very big one. Sometimes, when the play was unworthy of its star, the thrill was smaller. But it was always there. For Miss Barrymore was, by general vote, the most glamorous actress on the New York stage.

WAS? No, IS. For the opening of *Whiteoaks*, the new play by Mazo de la Roche, produced at the Hudson Theatre by Victor Payne Jennings, proves that the glamour is still there. It is there even though Ethel Barrymore, most famous beauty of our stage in her youth, is now playing the role of a woman one hundred and one years old. She is a woman feeble, bent and tottering. There is no physical beauty to enchant us now; but there is an art so superb that an almost breathless audience follows it every instant the star is on the stage. There is a spirit so dauntless in both character and actress that it raises that audience to new heights of appreciation. In short, there is genius, and great genius, in the Hudson Theatre these nights; and whether *Whiteoaks* succeeds or fails, lasting dramatic history is being made there, for Miss Barrymore is playing the best part she has had in a great many years.

The play itself is by no means a great one: but it is well constructed and interesting, and it presents to theatre-goers a set of characters that book-lovers have known and reveled in for several years. The greatest of these, of course, is "Gran" Whiteoak, the dauntless centenarian mistress of Jalna, the indomitable spirit that rules her great clan. She is afraid of nothing. Least of all is she afraid of life. As to death, it seems afraid of her, for it leaves her untouched for a hundred years. Wise, understanding, tolerant of everything except rebellion in her clan, impish, Rabelaisian at times, Gran lives in the present, dreams of the "great days" of her past, and at moments goes off into sudden outbursts of eerie mirth that the entire audience shares with her, and which swings every spectator up to the summit of art.

At the end Gran plays a game of backgammon, sees death approaching her at last, wins her game, and stares death out of countenance. Then, not because she has to, one feels, but because she herself is ready to go, she passes out of life as quietly as one passes from one room into the next. In that death scene, the playwright, Mazo de la Roche, has sketched a setting that shows the touch of distinctive genius.

That is at the end of the second act. There is still another act, but it does not matter much. In all essentials, the play is over. One has had all the excitement, all the thrills, one should experience in an evening. One is ready to relax and draw a few deep breaths, and to give the next half hour to the memory of Gran, as the members of the Whiteoak family are doing.

Miss Barrymore's diction sometimes disappointing in the past, beautiful though her voice always was, is as marvelous as her acting. She realizes that Gran is a woman who means to be heard when she speaks. She rarely raises her voice, but she is heard to the uttermost ends of Jalna and to the last balcony seats in the Hudson. Her assisting cast is wholly admirable. With the exception of Renny, the *Whiteoaks* are not a lovable lot; but they are always interesting, vital and recognizable human beings. What I wish to emphasize, however, is that Ethel Barrymore is doing the best acting of her life in the Hudson Theatre these nights—which, with all respect to the rest of our brilliant stars, is the best acting the American stage offers us today.

ELIZABETH JORDAN

FILMS

THE JOY OF LIVING. Hollywood continues to turn out antic comedies with all the spontaneity of a canning machine. Irene Dunne, who had something to do with starting this frivolous cycle designed to make audiences happy at the cost of their wits, is intimately involved in the latest exhibit and contrives to save it from its own foolishness by a deft and full-voiced performance. She is cast as a successful singer, hampered financially by the expensive habits of an idle family. Encountering a carefree man of wealth in an unstable moment, she sets out to enjoy life independently and is inducted into the mysteries of night-clubbing and roller-skating. However, their romance is threatened by his criticism of her family until that body of parasites reveals its true form. The plot is merely a series of madcap situations, for the most part, but some of them are among the funniest yet devised. Director Tay Garnett has worked his comedy material for all the hilarity in it and barely avoids thinning it, but Miss Dunne's singing voice, heard to excellent effect, camouflages the bald spots nicely. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., shares the bulk of the action with her and such capable players as Jean Dixon, Alice Brady and Guy Kibbee are left to adorn underwritten roles. There is ample joy in this picture for adult audiences. (RKO)

JUDGE HARDY'S CHILDREN. The story of the humble Hardys is growing to saga-like proportions, chiefly because of the homely glow in its writing and the superlatively natural playing of its familiar cast. The locale of their current adventure is the nation's capital where Judge Hardy has been called to give expert advice on a legal decision involving the public utilities. As usual, his enthusiastic family manages to complicate matters by falling prey to Washington society and the wiles of the Judge's opponents, but in the end he preserves his own integrity and the family's good sense. That fine actor, Lewis Stone, remains the understanding head of the house and Cecelia Parker and Mickey Rooney are again seen as the problem children. Young Mr. Rooney's work in these comedies composes a lively and humorous portrait of contemporary youth right down to the Big Apple stage. Directed with taste and a fine feeling for domestic truth, this picture will delight the family circle. (MGM)

THIS MARRIAGE BUSINESS. Despite its title, this is not the usual tiresome discussion of matrimony festooned with sophisticated aphorisms which goes by the name of social comedy. It is an equally improbable but far pleasanter story of an amiable license clerk who enables people to marry with some prospect of permanence. When a big town reporter discovers him and his record for lucky licenses, obscure Middletown enjoys a boom from the tourist trade and our hero is proposed as a reform mayor. But his crooked opponents frame a murder charge against him which is disproved only by the combined sleuthing of his daughter and the interested newspaperman. The film suffers from the length and periodic dullness of the tale but it is worthwhile for Victor Moore's splendid characterization of a rural cupid. It is strictly a one-man attraction and the wistful Mr. Moore makes it passable family fare. (RKO)

WIDE OPEN FACES. This is a Joe E. Brown comedy vehicle, built according to a well-defined pattern and containing the routine supply of somewhat boisterous fun. There is little or no attempt to hold mature interest in this yarn of a smalltown soda clerk who plays unwitting host to notorious gangsters and finally effects their capture. Alison Skipworth, the late Lyda Roberti and Sidney Toler assist the star. Young audiences may like this one. (Columbia)

THOMAS J. FITZMORRIS

EVENTS

VARYING symptoms of child psychology interested students. . . . A thirteen-year-old California child secured a divorce. . . . Trained to go into hysterics when her father was stopped by motorcycle policemen, a little Eastern girl saved her parent from many traffic tickets. Last week a policeman stopped the father, started to pin a gold medal on him for safe driving. The daughter went into hysterics; the policeman dropped the medal, ran for a doctor. . . . A four-year-old boy with a dime, unable to find his bank, dropped the dime into the wide-open mouth of his slumbering father. The money was later transferred from dad's stomach to the bank. . . . A New England youngster likes to call police to rescue her, then lock herself in the bathroom, hide the key. She enjoys seeing policemen climbing up ladders to the bathroom window. . . . Some years ago a wealthy Midwesterner was driving when his hat blew off. A polite boy picked it up, returned it, refused a reward, saying: "It's nothing at all, sir." Impressed, the rich man established a trust fund to reward boys found to possess "good, kind manners." Last week executors announced they cannot find boys with "good, kind manners." The fund will be used for some other purpose. . . . Weddings continued. In the Far West, Miss Shee married Mr. Him. . . . A Grandmothers' Union was organized in Chicago. . . . Unusual methods of employing leisure time were uncovered. An English road has a dangerous bend known as Death Corner. Favorite pastime of residents in the neighborhood is to gather around the bend to see the cars crash. . . . New light was thrown on a subject which has long puzzled psychologists, to wit, why women find it possible to like men. A Western man told a girl she was beautiful but dumb. She replied: "The Lord made us beautiful so you men would love us; He made us dumb so we could love you."

The growing custom among autoists of running over traffic policemen must be stopped, a magistrate declared. A girl driver argued that the policemen she upset and ran over was not seriously hurt. He disallowed her contention, fined her heavily, asserted that a traffic officer has a right not to be run over, which right must not be invaded. . . . Wide variations in diets were observed. . . . Chickens in Texas are fed tobacco. . . . A camel in a Southern zoo eats nothing but paper bags. He eats the bags raw, does not like cooked bags. . . . A burglar in a San Francisco home took a heavy swig of ant poison. The ant poison was in a whiskey bottle. . . . Dietitians were horrified over the case of a Canadian cow. Autopsy revealed the cow has been subsisting on a menu of nails, wire, bolts, scrap iron. . . . Legal precedents were established. An Eastern judge wrestled with the judicial problem: can a man spread insects through his neighbor's apartment because the latter will not turn off the radio until two or three A. M.? The judge decided the practice could not be condoned, jailed the perpetrator. . . . Crime persisted. . . . Onion thieves were active in Albany. . . .

Schoolboys sometimes indulge in the practice of forcing other schoolboys to get down on their knees and say "Uncle." In Russia, Joe Stalin makes his former friends say "Uncle" in a great variety of ways. Here, at the Moscow trial, is one former pal of Joe's, just before he is to be shot, saying "Uncle" to Joe: "Stalin has the country with him. He is leading it toward a beautiful new world. Millions of Soviet children, including my own, sing that 'there is no other land in this world where man breathes with such freedom.' Long live the Bolshevik party under the leadership of Stalin. Long live Communism in the whole world." Finished with the "Uncle" he got a bullet in the back of his head. Good, old Joe!

THE PARADER